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Wm B. Bennett

Jan. 9, 1886



Wm B. Bennett

CATALOGUE
OF
WORKS OF ART,

WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS AND DESCRIPTIONS; ALSO, VIEWS
OF THE SUMMER AND WINTER
HOMES. ETC.,

OF
WILLIAM B. BEMENT,

OF
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Text by
CHARLES M. SKINNER,
Of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Illustrations by
F. GUTEKUNST,
Of Philadelphia.

1884.

WM. B. BEMENT
TO WED

resides at No. 322 West Eighty-second
street.

ment is vigorous, and has lost none
in perceptibility of mental vigor.
is library, surrounded by rare

MUS20M

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1870
The Retired Philadelphia Manufac-
turer Married Last Evening.

New York June 2. "Woman
Labor of America!"



Press of

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,

Philadelphia.



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DEDICATION.

TO my family, relatives, and friends I dedicate this book, illustrative of my tastes and hobbies, as an indication of remembrance and a token of affectionate regard.

Many of my relatives and friends live at a great distance from Philadelphia, and have never seen my home or its contents. For that reason I have prepared this descriptive and illustrated catalogue of my works of art, with additional pages devoted to my summer and winter homes and my workshop, that they may see the evidences of my success in life, the direction of my tastes, and the sources of enjoyment provided for myself and family in our declining years.

The works of art in my possession were not purchased with a view to selfishly enjoying them; for, believing that collections of good pictures serve as educators in art and tend to foster a refined and healthful taste, I have freely opened my gallery to the public. My friends need no invitation, for they know that a cordial welcome always awaits them in our homes.

The illustrations in this volume are, one might say, hardly more than sketches or plans of the pictures and objects which they represent, for the element of color—an element of prime importance in painting—is lacking; and not only so, but in many of the pictures the suggestions of tint are entirely false to the actual colors seen upon the canvas. Red, for instance, though its effect upon the eye is that of brilliancy and cheerfulness, commonly appears dull and brown in a photograph, while blue, a darker and colder color, comes out so light as hardly to indicate the existence of any hue.

It is equally difficult to describe a painting. Words can merely hint at color, and can only direct attention to the skill, genius, and inspiration of the artist. A fine picture is a product, not alone of technical power, but also of thought, imagination, and feeling, and the ready comprehension of these qualities requires an actual study of the picture itself. The most that can be done by photographic copy and description together is to incite the imagination to complete what pen and camera necessarily leave undone.

These views are made by the phototype process, and, being printed in ink, will last as long as any printed matter. Apart from the unavoidable defects of photography, they are creditable and satisfactory. Mr. F. Gutekunst, of this city, deserves a word of commendation for his skill in taking them.

I trust that the recipients of this volume will derive from it as much pleasure as I feel in giving it, for it represents a personal regard which some may place at a higher estimate than the intrinsic value of the book.

WILLIAM B. BEMENT.

1814 Spring Garden Street,

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 20, 1883.

P R E F A C E.

MR. BEMENT'S dedication leaves but little for the writer to add by way of introduction. He wishes, however, to emphasize the fact that literary description does but feeble justice to an art display so well chosen and important as this. The most that can be done in this respect is to afford a slight clue to the coloring, and to direct attention to such technical merits and such excellences of composition as have been deemed most worthy of notice. To this end, conciseness, so far as it consists with clearness, has been maintained.

It augurs well for American taste and American art that collections like this are possible here. It is said that the best pictures painted in European studios now find their way to this country, for the merchant princes of this wealthy land can outbid royalty itself for the possession of purchasable treasures.

This influx of foreign pictures has had the best effect upon American artists, for it has stimulated them to rivalry, with results that have created astonishment in those who have watched the country's æsthetic progress through the last decade. It is safe to say that in that period the number of artists in this country has trebled, and a higher standard of excellence has been reached than was ever before attained, while the annual exhibitions in our larger cities compare favorably, except in point of size, with those of Paris, Munich, and London. The American pictures in the Bement gallery (about one-fifth of the whole number) bear out the truth of this statement.

Few collections of art are so finely housed as the one to which this volume is chiefly devoted; but, though all its surroundings are luxurious and even

resplendent, the furnishing and decoration have been guided by an elevated taste, and show is in every case made subservient to substance. There is that in this household, moreover, which is higher than art and external beauty,—domestic felicity and content, together with a gracious spirit of hospitality and consideration which relieves the guest of all sense of obligation, thereby rendering the obligation deeper.

CHARLES M. SKINNER.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 20, 1883.

Philadelphia Residence. (A.)

This handsome building, Mr. Bement's city residence, stands on Spring Garden Street (No. 1814), Philadelphia, and makes a striking figure among the rather sober houses of the Quaker City. It is of brick, with a front of Pictou and sandstone, blue marble base, and is in general appearance massive and of good proportions. Before the house stand vases and bronzes, and an ornamental iron fence divides the grounds from the street. The interior is reached through an arched portal and two richly-carved and heavy doors. An airy balcony, communicating with the second story, is shown in the picture. The lot in which the building stands has a frontage of eighty-five feet, with a depth of two hundred and twenty-four feet. In the rear of this capacious lot, and separated from the house by a pretty garden, are a stable, coachman's house, laundry, and billiard-room.



Philadelphia Residence. (B.)

The preceding view of the house was taken from its north-east corner, and this one from the north-west. It shows the tower on the western side of the building, the portico, and the dining-room extension.



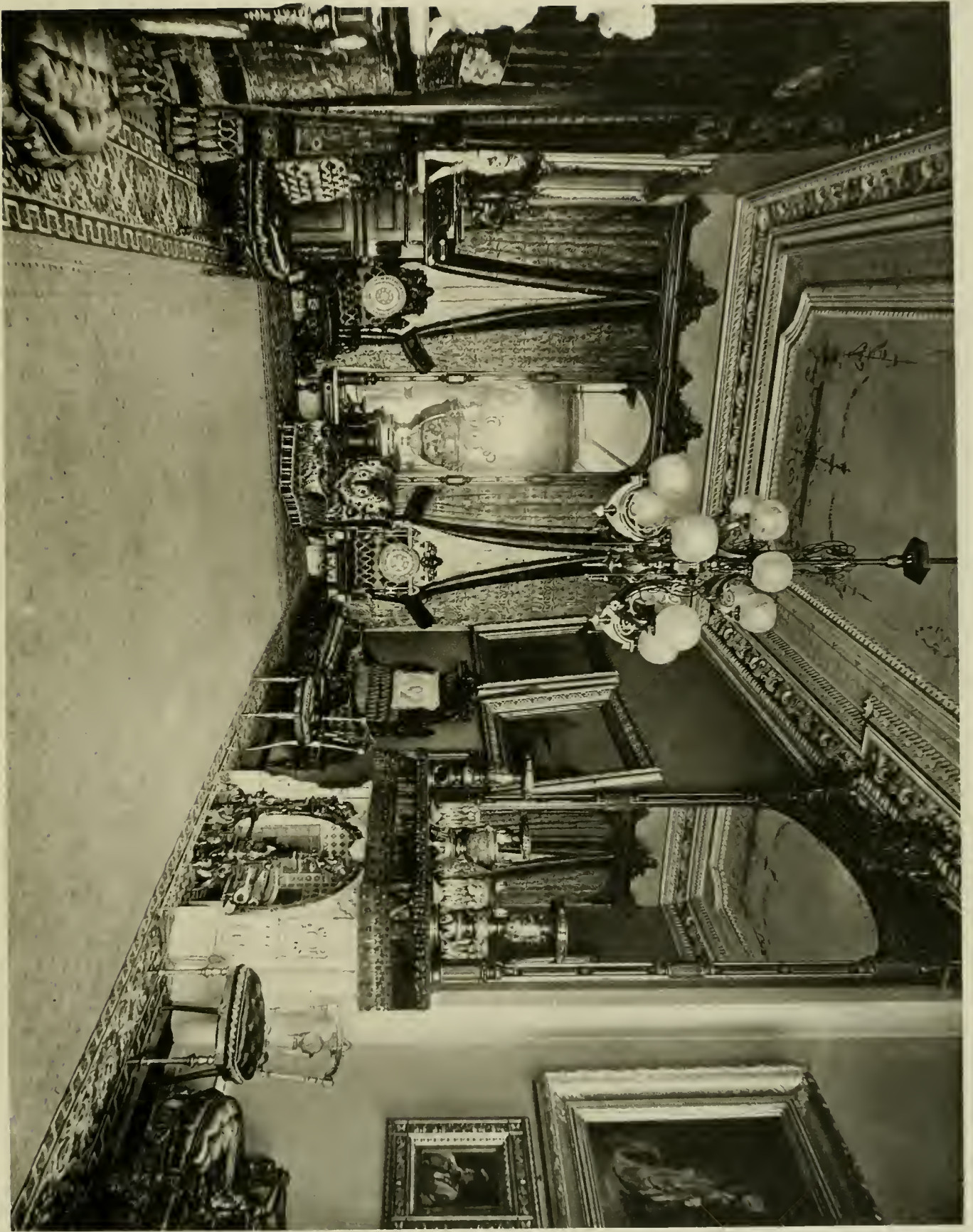
Philadelphia Residence. (C.)

This view presents the most attractive and picturesque aspect of Mr. Bement's residence, namely, that from the western garden, looking towards Spring Garden Street, as from this stand-point diversity of form and structure is exhibited. The little dome on the roof of the dining-room extension is filled with windows of stained glass. The single-story addition on the right is the music-room, the interior of which is seen in another picture.



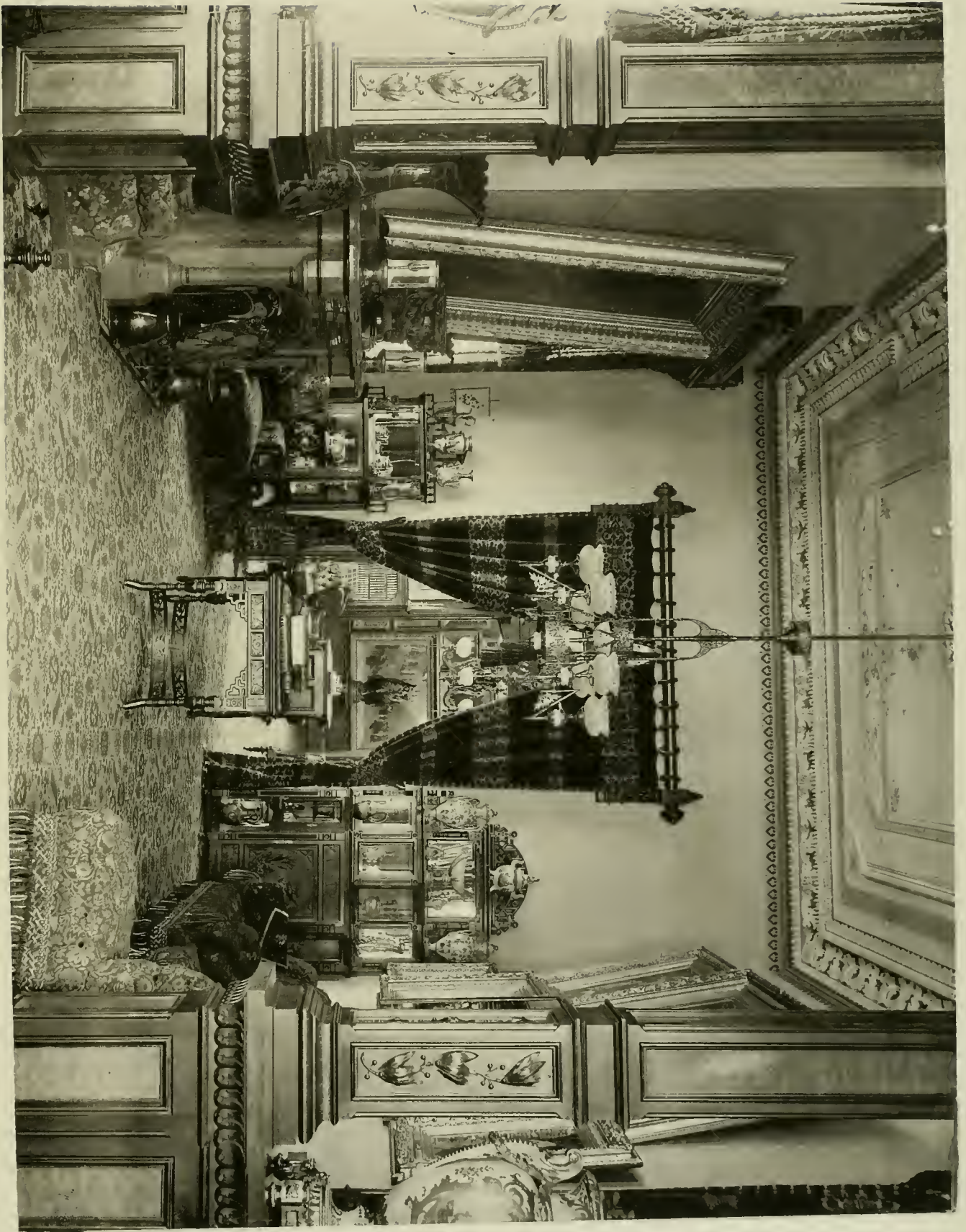
The Parlor.

This room—only about one-half of which is shown in the phototype—is a marvel of artistic decoration and furnishing. Several of the ornaments will be found pictured in the views of groups given on other pages of this work. The mantel is embellished with Japanese, Worcester, and French vases; and the fireplace is remarkable for the exceeding beauty of its appointments, the andirons—in the Elizabethan style—being especially noteworthy. The old-gold drapery of the windows, the point-lace curtains, the rich portière, and the luxurious carpet combine with the paintings, statuettes, vases, and unique furniture to constitute a *tout ensemble* in which are manifest all the tokens of an elevated taste.



The Drawing-Room.

Photography is again chargeable with innocent misrepresentation, for by foreshortening this view it deprives the room of half its apparent length. By making due allowance for this defect, one may form a fair conception of the general appearance of the rooms in Mr. Bement's mansion, their size, their height, their elegance of decoration, their luxury of furnishing, their amplitude of appointment, their pictures and cabinets and bric-à-brac. The foreground columns seen on each side are of black walnut, with mahogany trimmings and magnolia-wood panels. The view beyond, through the library and into the picture-gallery, is almost impressive in its extent.



The Library.

Beecher says that a house without books is like a room without windows. Books are the windows through which we look forth from the chambers of our minds into the world of thought and action around us, into distant lands untrodden by our feet, into past times, and even into future ages. It would be strange were a house otherwise perfectly appointed to lack these windows; and in sooth they are here. The literary furnishings of this room include richly-bound editions of the English and American classics, and art works from all the civilized countries of the globe,—a brave display of vellum, morocco, tree-calf, and crushed levant. Seldom do the master-minds of England and America find housing so luxurious as this, and seldom are they so richly and worthily arrayed as one finds them on these shelves.



The Dining-Room.

This apartment is large, well lighted, and supplied with ample sideboards, in which one catches glimpses of artistic silverware, glass, and china. The pictures and decorations are in keeping with the purposes of the room, and the expression of the apartment, if such a term be allowable, is that of cheerful dignity. Those who have partaken of the host's ample hospitality need no reminder of the excellence of the viands set before them here, or of the genial informality with which they are discussed. As may be seen by attachments to a gaselier above the table, the gas in this room, as throughout the house, is lighted by electricity, and automatically shut off by pulling the same little chain that ignites it.



The Music-Room.

This apartment is admirably fitted for its purpose, as very little drapery is used, tapestries and soft stuffs having an effect of smothering sound. It is supplied with a grand piano and an organ, and flute and piano duets are occasionally heard there. Four handsome music-boxes, each with quite a repertory of its own, stand upon ornate tables at the sides of the room. A large mirror—a solid sheet of glass—stretches from the floor nearly to the ceiling at the rear of the room, and reflects the long vista of the entrance-hall, giving an effect of spaciousness. Several important pictures grace the walls, that of “The Song,” by May, seen to the left of the mirror, being quite appropriate for such an apartment. It may be added that the members of Mr. Bement’s family are possessed of a high musical culture, and exhibit a marked degree of technical skill in vocal and instrumental music.



The Bed.

Few kings lay their crown-oppressed heads to rest on more luxurious couches than this. It is a magnificent piece of furniture, so massive and rich and strong that it will doubtless go down as an heirloom in the family for many generations. It is carved exquisitely, polished like a mirror, adorned with statuettes, and fitted with a canopy of upholstery and heavy hangings. Had it been such a bed that Sancho Panza occupied, he might with reason have invoked "blessings on the man who invented sleep," for the maker of a piece of furniture like this assists to make sleeping one of the fine arts.



Bay-View Cottage. (A.)

This home-like place, the summer residence of Mr. Bement's family, stands in the midst of sixty cultivated acres on the shore of Lake George, the queen of Eastern American lakes. It is on the Bolton side, and from its windows may be viewed a glorious panorama of wooded hills and rocky islets, placid water and craggy-fronted peaks, while behind rises the far-viewing Prospect Mountain. The foreground to the view is one of smoothly-shaven lawns and bright parterres of flowers. The climate is delightful, the air being cooled by the pure waters of the lake, and made fragrant by the balsamy odors of pines and hemlocks. Ease and comfort are here sought and here obtained, as those can testify who have partaken of the hospitalities of the cottage.



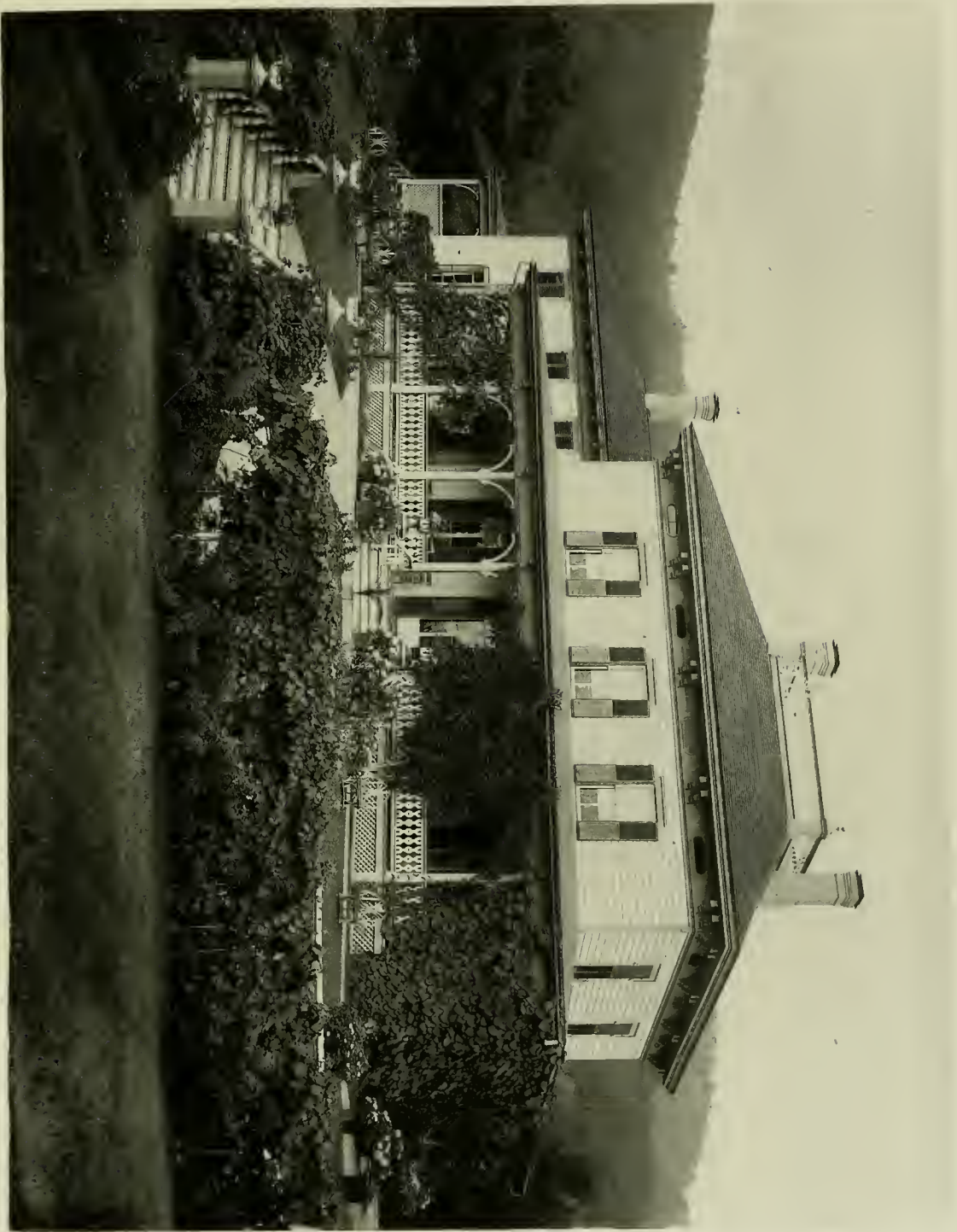
Bay-View Cottage. (B.)

This gives a more comprehensive view of the summer residence and its grounds, though many of the detached buildings are out of sight behind the trees. Near the foreground is the boat-house, where the family and friends take passage on a private steam-yacht, or on row-boats of the neatest model, for trips up and down the lake and among its islands, and for visits to the Sagamore. That hotel is less than a mile distant by water, and but little more than a mile away by carriage-road. Guests at the hotel who are friends or acquaintances of Mr. Bement usually find their way to the cottage without much difficulty.



Bay-View Cottage. (C.)

A close look at Bay-View Cottage is here afforded, embowered in vines and flowers and shrubbery, and surrounded by cool porticos and trim lawns. Less pretentious, certainly, than the palace on the Lake of Como described by Claude Melnotte, but more suggestive of domestic peace, comfort, and freedom from the restraints of city life. Mr. Bement is one of the wealthy men—we might say, one of the few wealthy men—who enjoy their wealth to the full, and who allow themselves after passing middle age a just and liberal rest and recompense for the toil and anxiety of earlier years. He knows how to take his ease becomingly.



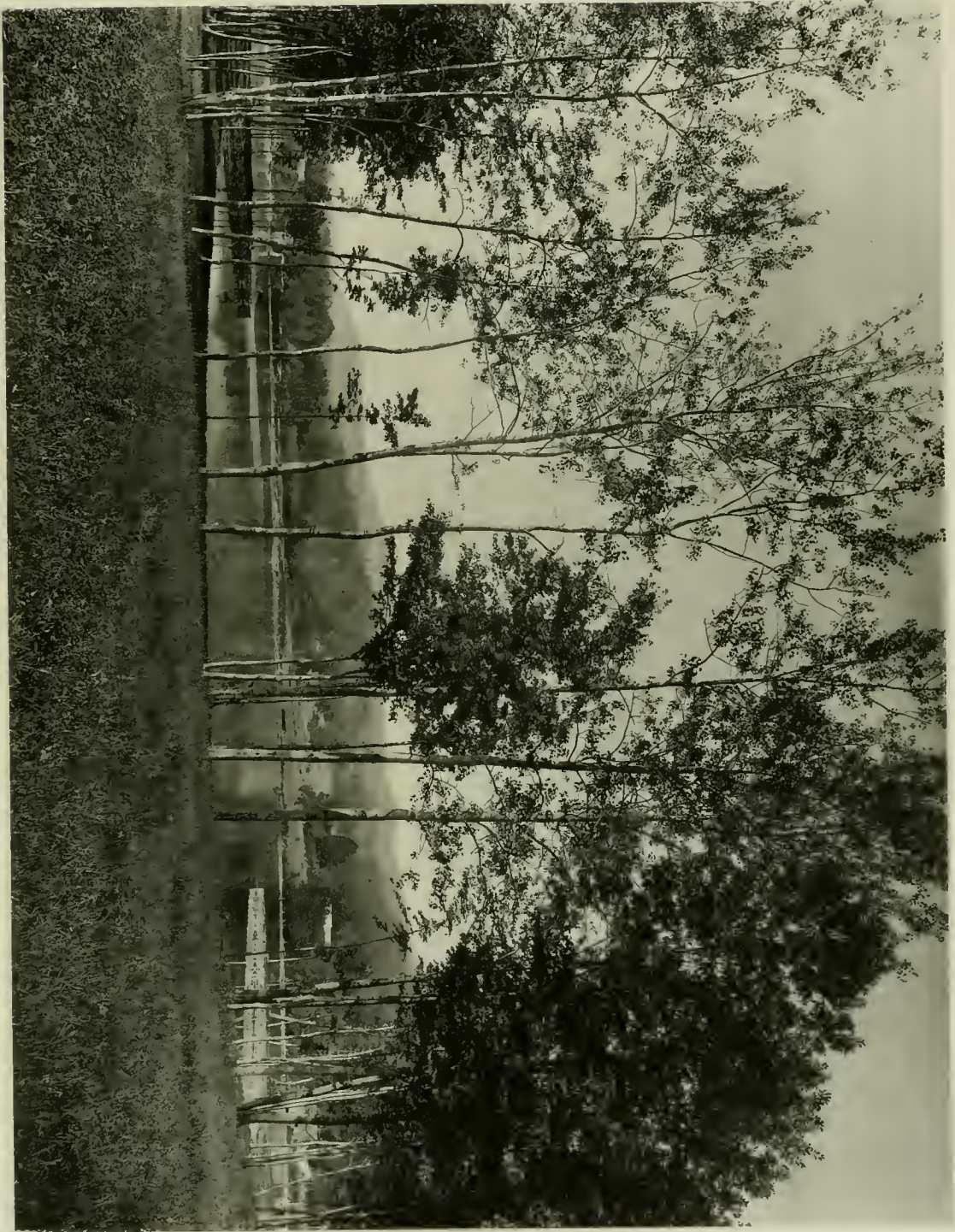
Bay-View Cottage. (D.)

A more general view of the Lake George residence and its lovely environment is herewith shown. In the distance is seen the wavy outline of the environing mountains, every one of which is invested with the human interest of romantic legend or of history. For the waters of this lake, now so blue and transparent, have often been reddened with human gore, and the woods and rocks that to-day echo to no harsher sound than bird-notes once rang with the bellowing of cannon, the rattle of musketry, and the yells of savages. Beyond a few crumbling fragments of fortifications at the southern end of the lake, there is naught to indicate the scenes of strife and bloodshed that, in the last century, made the beautiful name Horicon almost a synonyme for the horrors of uncivilized warfare.



Bay-View Cottage. (E.)

This pretty strip of wood—its smooth, straight trunks ranged upon the shore like a natural colonnade—is also a bit of the Bement property at Lake George. The outlook upon the curving shores, the softly-outlined forests, and the rolling hills is particularly attractive. A more inviting spot to idle away a summer afternoon would not be likely to present itself in the space of a day's journey.



Bay-View Cottage. (F.)

This quaint, Chinese-like summer-house stands upon a point jutting into the lake, and commands a pleasing view in all directions. The cottage is observed upon the left, and along the shore are seen the statue-bordered lawn and the shadowy arcades of trees. The Sagamore is seen from this point in its most picturesque form, with a general panorama of the lake and surrounding mountains.



Plate A.

In this plate, as in all the others representing statuary, bronzes, porcelains, and bric-à-brac, the groups are merely temporary, made up for the convenience of photography, and do not represent the objects as they are seen in the various rooms. The quantity of bric-à-brac in Mr. Bement's residence is so great that it was necessary to make selections from it for pictorial representation, it being impossible to photograph the whole without unduly expanding this volume. Bronze pheasants, candelabra, the bronze bust of a Greek soldier, and a pair of vases of gilt and silvered Dresden china are displayed in this picture, mounted on richly-carved tables. The vases are decorated with designs after Kaulbach.

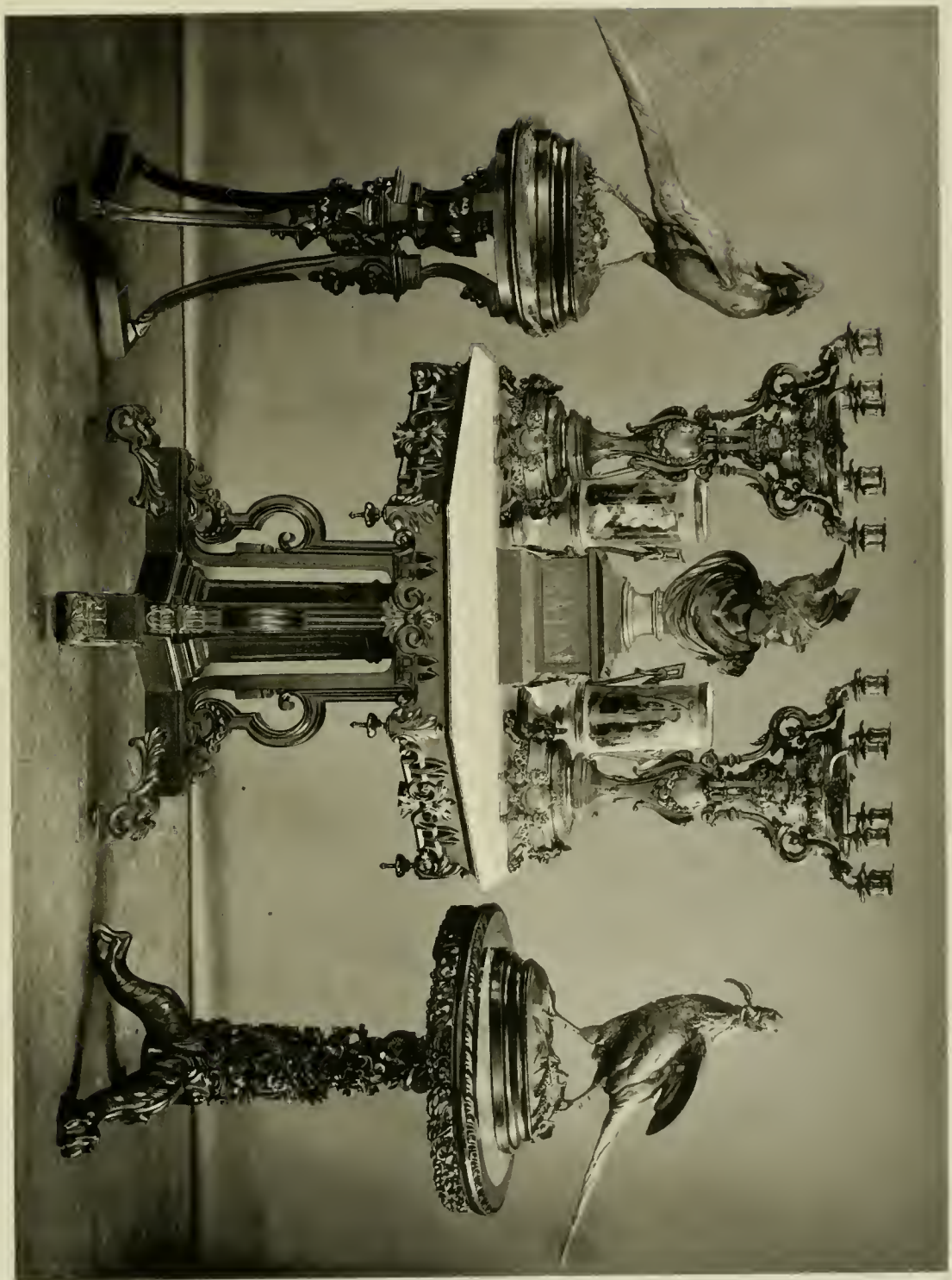


Plate B.

The head of Orestes forming the centre of this group is flanked by Dresden vases with color designs on a black ground, back of which stand two curious candelabra of Japanese bronze. Each candelabrum is formed of a crane holding in his mouth a lotus-plant, the buds and flowers of which constitute the candle-cups. Two vases on stands of jasper, and brightly ornamented with metal wreaths and medallions relieved against a dead bronze surface, are also seen upon the table. The vases on the floor are of heavy Canton porcelain.



Plate C.

The objects represented in this plate are an ebony table, adapted from Japanese designs, two jars of Japanese lacquer at its foot, two large Sèvres vases with stands and handles of burnished brass, and two figures in colored Dresden bisque, mounted on ebony stands which are panelled with blue and white *faïence*. The Sèvres vases are of rich turquoise blue, with brilliant decorations by Scheldt in the style of Watteau. Between the two stands a dainty little vase decorated in silver and color.



Plate D.

The most remarkable piece of sculpture in this group, and without much doubt the finest piece of carving in the collection, is the veiled bust by Lombardi, called "Modesty." The veil does not seem to be wrought from stubborn marble, but to be thrown lightly over the figure, and the features are shown through it distinctly. Next, on the left, is "Ruth, Gleaning," by the same artist,—a chaste figure, easily posed. "My New Dress" is the title of the other statue,—a girl looking back at the trail of her silken gown. The magnificent horn on the right, banded and mottled like agate, and mounted in gold, is about three feet in length, and stands on a pedestal of California onyx.



Plate E.

This group, backed by a beautiful screen, presents a diversity of interesting objects. The polished and gilded table in the centre supports two vases from the Worcester potteries, with open-work Moresque designs upon the front. The Japanese cranes are of silver, and are believed to have been made in the sixteenth century. The jar beneath them is carved from marble. The quaint statuette on the left, from the Royal Saxon Porcelain Works at Meissen, is by Joachim Kändler, who was chief modeller for that establishment during the first half of the last century. It perpetuates the memory of a German tailor who would not otherwise have been known to fame. He was tailor to Count Brühl, a politician of importance in his time, but somewhat given to foppery in his dress. No man is a hero to his valet, and the frequent visits of the count to his tailor so diminished the latter's awe of him that he impudently requested him to present him to the king. "Your wish shall be granted," said Brühl; but the man of thread and needles waited many weary months before the invitation came. When at last he was summoned to the palace, his self-confidence forsook him upon finding this caricature of himself awaiting him. He appears armed and decorated with the tools of his trade, and is mounted on an old goat, who stares through spectacles, and who carries the tailor's goose upon his horn.



Plate F.

The massive bronze, by L. Grégoire, represents Orestes and his sister, Electra. Orestes is in the act of swearing to avenge the death of his father (Agamemnon) by taking the life of his mother, Clytemnestra, who had murdered him. The story is told by Æschylus in his sublime trilogy, "Agamemnon," "The Choëphoræ," and "The Furies." The candelabra in this picture were found in a Venetian palace. The little platforms that encircle them are filled with figures representing negroes and galley-slaves, and are surmounted by winged lions,—the arms of Venice,—not unlike the leonine figure that crowns one of the columns in the square of St. Mark. The Egyptian figures are bronzes, by Picault, representing Sesostris, one of the Pharaohs, and Nitroeris, the first Egyptian queen of whom history makes mention.



Plate G.

Included in this illustration is a copy of the celebrated Warwick vase, the original of which is in Warwick Castle, England. The original is in marble; this copy is in verd-antique. A vase of Japanese cloisonné stands upon it, and it is flanked by handsome brass vases and a couple of odd little candlesticks,—Cupids riding on lizards. Two Chinese vases of silvered bronze, mounted on pedestals of majolica, exhibit the clear-cut relief for which work of this character is noted.



Plate H.

Two immense jars of Kobé lacquer, on stands of blue and white porcelain, show what the Japanese can do with heavy material and broad effects. The smaller vases, however, which are of Zogan bronze, beautifully engraved, and enriched with gold and silver, show a more remarkable phase of their genius. The bowl in the centre is of variegated marble, elegantly mounted with bronze.



Plate I.

Waegen's "Kabyle Shepherd," a massive piece of bronze, is the chief object in this group. The shepherd has just rescued one of his sheep from a lioness, whose skin he has stripped from its carcass. With his loosely-flowing robe, his conical hat of straw, and his lance in rest, he is a picturesque and barbaric figure. There is a fine sense of pride and spirit in the action of the horse, and much that is life-like in the dogs who are battenning on the flesh of the lioness. The female figures, modelled in the somewhat florid style of the Renaissance, and mounted on handsome mahogany pedestals, represent Amphitrite, wife of Neptune and goddess of the sea in Greek mythology, and Arethusa, the water-nymph mentioned in Virgil's invocations. She was one of the followers of Diana, and was changed into a fountain to avoid falling into the hands of her lover, Alpheus.



Plate J.

The colossal Genori vase, with its representation of Guido's "Aurora" and its conventionalized and fantastic decorations that suggest Italian porcelains of the sixteenth century, is one of the finest specimens of fictile ware in the country. It is beautiful in form, rich and harmonious in color, and interesting in the details of its ornamentation. To the right stands a vase of royal Worcester ivory-ware, covered with a pattern as delicate as the water-marking of paper, which is necessarily invisible in the phototype, though the graceful floral decorations overlying it are plainly seen. To the left is a card-receiver, mounted upon a stand composed of bronze, brass, porcelain, and onyx of fantastic design, adapted from the Japanese. The vessel of Japanese cloisonné, on the right of the picture, is mounted on a stand of lances, helmet, shield, and swinging balls of iron that were used as clubs in mediæval warfare. The Japanese vase on the left, capped by the figure of a hunter who has suddenly stumbled on a horrible dragon, is remarkable for the delicacy of its workmanship and the elaboration of its detail.



Plate K.

Two heavy tubular vases of Japanese blue and white porcelain, and two curious vases in Imari lacquer with mother-of-pearl decoration, are shown here. Between the lacquer vases and the handsome lamp are two rare little jars of Wedgwood bisque, of blue-green body, with festoons in ochre yellow, and cameos and medallions in blue and white. They are encircled by a series of small reliefs representing the signs of the zodiac.



Plate L.

Here is seen a marble statue of the goddess Flora, with a basket of flowers on her arm, and a small jar in her hand with which she is watering a pot of roses. Two heavy vases of alabaster are also shown, with heads of bacchantes cut in strong relief. The pointed jars resemble Gien-ware, and are modernizations of the porcelains of the Luca della Robbia period, reproducing their effects of dry color, especially in the greens and yellows.



On the Cornice Road.

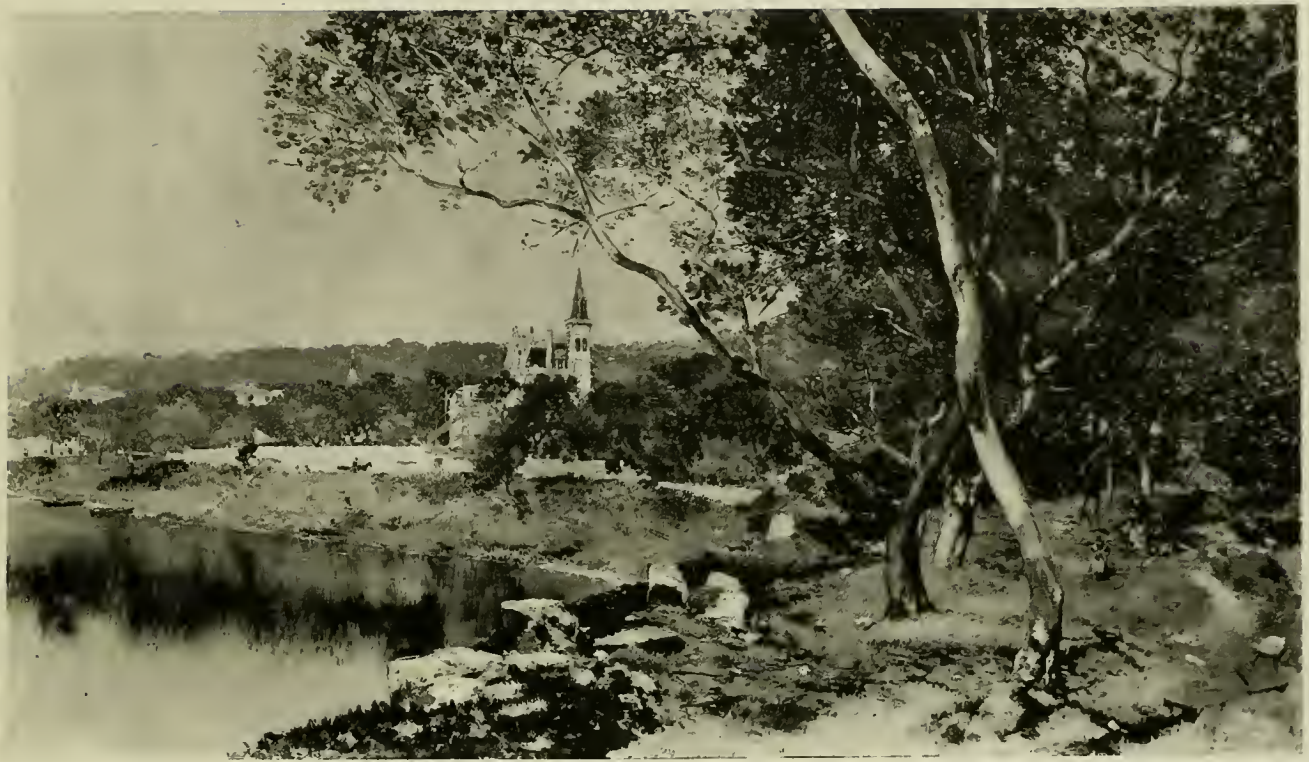
M. RICO.

Rico's brush is dipped in sunshine, and his canvases are radiant with it. In this example of his work one may almost see the quiver of noonday heat reflected from the ground. The landscape is bathed in a slumberous, white light, and the shore of the placid sea invites the traveller to recline upon the grass and resign himself to the delightful enervation of the warm, sweet air. It is an atmosphere to make gypsies and lazzaroni of us, this which we breathe beside the blue Mediterranean and under the trees of the Cornice Road. Here, in Whitmanesque phrase, might we "loaf and invite our souls," for here it suffices simply to exist and to be conscious of existence. The little group under the trees at the right, and the horse jogging at easy pace before the white wall of the château garden, are manifestly in no haste to reach their destinations, if indeed they have any.

Venice.

B. VAN MOER.

The long, level lines which enter so largely into the composition of this picture, and the stillness of its atmosphere, imbue it with a pleasing sense of repose. The scene presented is a familiar one,—the entrance to the Grand Canal, with the custom-house seen on the point to the left, the stately domes of the Santa Maria della Salute rising over the roofs beyond it, and the terraced gardens and marble palaces of the enchanted city on the right. Despite the solidity of these buildings, they seem almost to float upon the placid lagoon. Blue preponderates in the picture, yet its coloring is without the coldness that blue is apt to give, and the slow movement of fishing-boats and gondolas increases rather than disturbs its dreaminess and serenity.



Flower-Piece.

MARTIN J. HEADE.

Mr. Heade contributes so little to exhibitions nowadays that the younger generation does not know, or has forgotten, his flowers, his humming-birds, his tropic landscapes, and his sunsets. His ingenuous love of color occasionally leads him into weakness and sweetness of tint and tone, but his more important works have been accorded high rank, and have won for him medals, honorable mentions, and a Brazilian decoration. This illustration of his work shows him at his best. It is a dainty vase filled with freshly-gathered flowers, arranged without stiffness, and painted with conscientious fidelity to nature.



Preparing for the Masquerade.

G. ALVAREZ.

The grace and ease of pose and the aspect of heart-lightness presented by the figures in this work commend it to favorable notice. The young women are arraying themselves and one of their male companions in courtly attire, and the principal group is centred about the smooth-faced youth in the chair, who is to masquerade as a woman. One girl is dressing his hair *à la Pompadour*, while another stands near with a silken gown, and the lady whom he faces is doubtless "giving him points" as to his behavior while in feminine apparel. The woman at the mirror is trying the effect of her mask, and the gentleman leaning upon the marble slab beside her is criticising her appearance,—not unfavorably, it may be surmised. The little dog shaking the hat, the solid carving and heavy gilding of the furniture, the polished floor, the curious wreath of flowers and Amoretti fixed upon the mirror, not to forget the human interest attaching to the little girl who betrays the alleged inquisitiveness of her sex by peeping at the party from behind the screen,—the manner in which these adjuncts are introduced displays tact, humor, and technical skill. The coloring is that of the later Spanish school, florid and full of contrast, and the composition and grouping are easy and unaffected.



After the Storm.

ANDREAS ACHENBACH.

The photograph fails to interpret this picture exactly, as its tone of dark and stormy blue, which gives to the landscape its feeling of damp and coldness, has come out in the solar print in a much lighter key. A heavy shower has fallen, but the clouds, though relieved of their rainy burden, are still heavy. A dozen country-people who found shelter in the steep-roofed building have emerged, and are passing homeward down the rough and narrow road that winds to the foot of the hill. The shadow that broods over the scene is relieved by a strong note of color, where a struggling sun-ray falls on the white wall of the old structure and its yellow, dormered roof. A fainter gleam rests on the rain-swelled brook that foams along its channel below the road. Though Achenbach is one of the foremost apostles of the Düsseldorf school, his technique has the vigor and massiveness of the Munich painters, and his "After the Storm" is one of the most powerful of his landscapes. His storm-pictures are of wide celebrity, and have been awarded medals in the exhibitions of two continents. He is a Hessian by birth, but is a member of the Academies of Amsterdam, Antwerp, and Berlin, a Knight of the Order of Leopold, and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.



The Parting.

GUILLAUME KOLLER.

A soldier, whose troop is passing through the street before his door, has reached the threshold, and has paused there to bid his wife farewell. His left hand is upon the half-door, and his right half supports the waist of the sweet-faced German girl whose eyes look into his. He meets her gaze with answering looks of love and courageous reassurance. Type and expression are so well marked that the man might stand as a symbol of what is sturdy, martial, and even animal in man's nature, while the woman's look and attitude embody trustfulness, dependence, love. Outside the house on which this shadow of parting has fallen the troops are marching away in the sunlight, full of confidence and strength. Koller is a Viennese, whose reputation has been made chiefly through historical pictures. He expends much time upon his canvases, and none is allowed to leave his studio until he has made it fully satisfactory to himself.



Taking Leave.

O. CORTAZZO.

A fine example of the art of Southern Europe, which displays itself in an almost Oriental luxuriance of color, and which is well represented in this collection. To the hussar, who is about to leave the lady for the wars, the moment of parting is embittered by misunderstanding or rebuff. He makes no concealment of his vexation and regret at the estrangement, but the woman artfully pretends indifference to render his pain the sharper and to force him to dispel it by sinking his pride and "making up." The coloring is full and brilliant, and the soldier's scarlet uniform presents a marked contrast to the lady's silken robes of blue and white. The mechanical work of the picture, the representation of draperies and texture, is superb. The brush-work in the carpet, the portière, the vase, and the stand of brass and bronze containing the palm, is marked by exceeding care and nicety.



Expectancy.

G. CASTIGLIONE.

A pretty conceit and a pretty contrast, that of the young damsel and the rough old hall with its worn stone, its weathered timber, and its battered plaster. The girl apparently expects a lover, and she has paused on a landing of the stairs to look along the road which he is to traverse in coming. Her face wears a somewhat serious look, as if a shade of disappointment had crossed it on finding no familiar figure in the road; but the fact that the landscape is sodden with rain and that heavy storm-clouds are but just lifting from the hills gives reason to suppose that the traveller's arrival has merely been "postponed on account of the weather." The artist has caught a good effect of suspended action in the pose. She is on her way down the stairs, her foot is arrested almost in the act of stepping, and her dress is gathered up to leave her action free. Complementary colors, which better harmonize in theory than in the practice of high art, are here made satisfying and unobtrusive by the offsetting of a bodice of deep madder-red against a skirt of light, watery green.



Good News.

FLORENT WILLEMS.

Willems, who was born in Liege, received his first education in painting from a restorer of pictures. His success was so great that he was encouraged to undertake the study of art more seriously, and the results of his advanced schooling have made him world-famous. He might almost be termed the Belgian Meissonier; for, though he does not invest his characters with quite that unconsciousness of pose and sharply-defined individuality that may be seen in the creations of the French master, we find much that suggests him in a telling arrangement, an aspect of substantiality, a high degree of finish and elaboration, and a simplicity of chiaro-oscuro. The "Good News" is subdued in color; it has not the sparkle of gems, but rather, in its russet reds and solid yellow browns, the richness of jasper and old gold.



Old Man Smoking, Old Woman Knitting.

C. M. WEBB.

While the chief interest of these pictures consists in their expression of character, they also betoken a quiet sense of humor on the artist's part. The old man's grim but complacent enjoyment of his pipe, and the almost equally grim enjoyment of her knitting by the old woman, are, in a measure, amusing. The painter is, apparently, a devotee of the old Dutch masters. His subjects and his treatment of them, while a trifle conventional, are none the less sincere and meritorious.



The First Primrose.

V. BOUTELLIER.

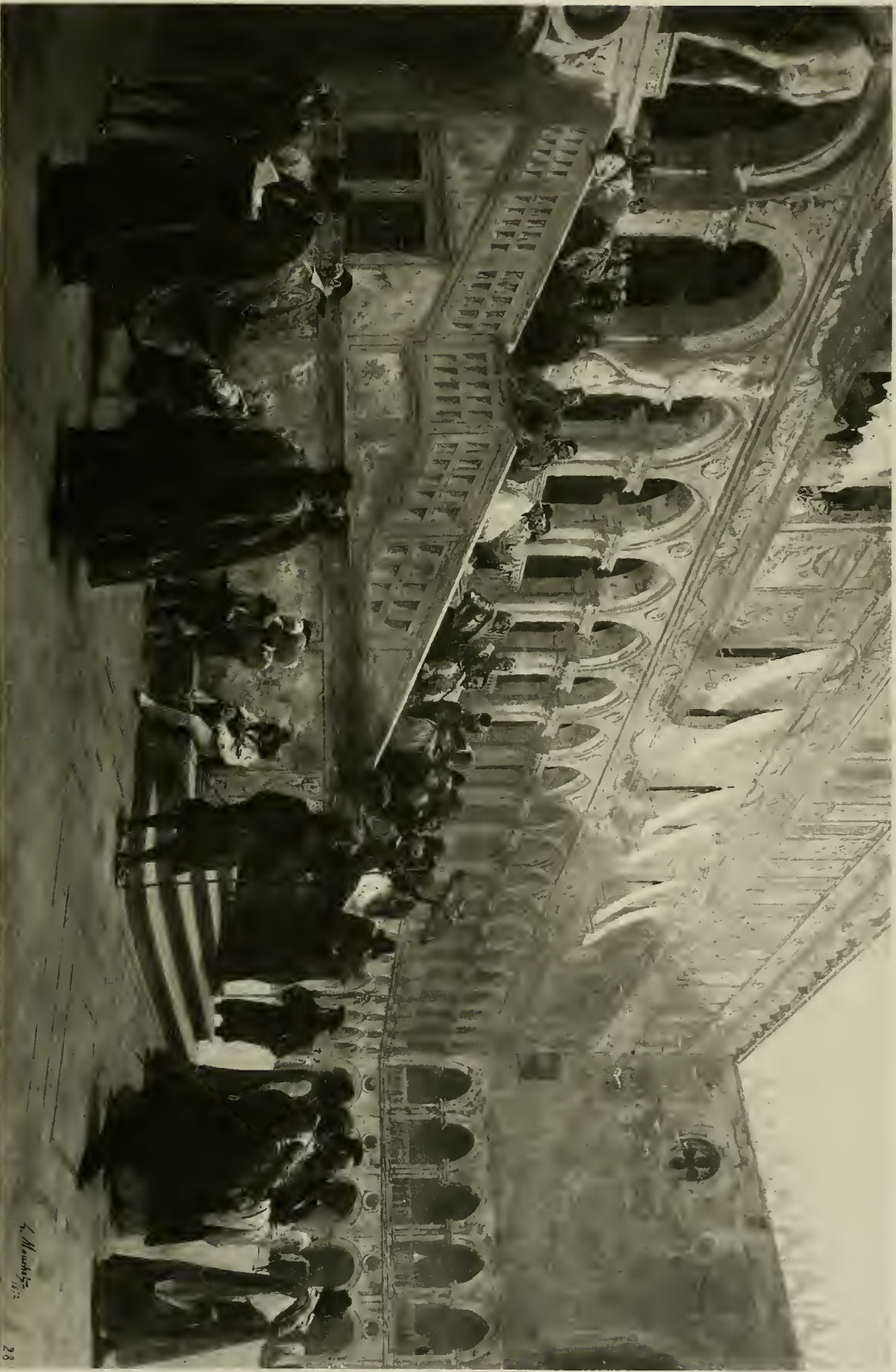
Woman's fondness for flowers, as for all pure, bright, beautiful things in nature, is almost akin to love. The little lady in this picture, who has surprised a primrose in the act of opening its petals after its long wintry sleep, illustrates in her attitude and look this graceful womanly attribute. The broadly-rendered landscape is suggestive of early spring, and the snow has so lately passed that hardly more than a scum of verdure has spread itself across the fallow land. The crimson cloak in which the figure is enveloped brings it out in forcible relief against the landscape.



Sortie of the Grand Council.

L. MOUCHOT.

Here is a canvas freighted with so much of import that "grand" is not too strong an adjective to apply to it. It is grand in its pictorial elements of architecture and costume, grand in the unisonal movement of its figures, grand in the simplicity of its lines, grand, also, in its human suggestiveness. We admire the bold sweep of the façade of the palace, a building that, as Ruskin says, "was the great work of Venice, the principal effort of her imagination, employing her best architects in its masonry and her best artists in its decoration for a long series of years." We like the variety of color, though we enjoy it the better that it is in harmony with and subservient to tone. The stern, thoughtful men who descend the marble staircase seem to have been bred in their large, inspiring surroundings, and might almost claim kinship with the stately demi-gods whose sculptured forms look down upon them from the pedestals that flank the staircase. The dignity of the legislators is emphasized by the careless bearing of the less *distingué* company of idlers and retainers assembled in the plaza. Artists will find this work of special interest on account of its simple technique, which exhibits great economy and directness of drawing and of pigment-application. There is not a wasted touch of color nor an inefficient line of drawing.



Landscape and Sheep.

KLOMBECK AND VERBÖCKHOVEN.

The reproduction of this picture is especially good, and, as in the original, we feel in it the fresh coolness of the morning air, while the trees look round, solid, and umbrageous, and the sheep and their driver exhibit such truthfulness of motion that the picture might have been based on an instantaneous photograph. The picture is interesting as an example of dual authorship, one of its painters, Verböckhoven, being popularly regarded as bearing the same relation to artists who make a specialty of sheep that Van Marcke does to other painters of cattle, and that Wagner and Rosa Bonheur do to other painters of horses. A light, high key is dominant in the picture, which constitutes one of the best-marked examples of tone in the collection.



Sans Invitation.

LEON ESCOSURA.

“Sans Invitation” is a clever and amusing thing by an artist who is *facile princeps* in the painting of old interiors peopled with the folk of earlier centuries. A band of troopers have made themselves more free than welcome at the monastery whose bare refectory is shown in this picture, and they are forcing the monks to tender them the hospitalities of the place. The poor monks respond to the summons with evident ill grace. Fine bits of action and of color reveal themselves in every part of the picture. Note the easy, self-enjoying air of the cavalier in red velvet who is tossing down his wine; the greedy look of the fellow who is shovelling his food down his throat; the boozy carelessness of the carabineer at the end of the table; the devil-may-care jollity of the shag-haired, red-nosed man in black who is holding his glass for refilling; the mock deference of the guard in the hall; the half-suppressed disgust and contempt of the venerable father who is pouring the wine; and the dolorous, half-prayerful expression of the monk who is descending the stair, and whose holy meditations have been rudely broken in upon by this roistering band of able eaters and drinkers. The nicety of drawing and deftness of coloring attract even the most casual observer to this canvas.



Market by Candle-Light.

P. VAN SCHENDEL.

These market-scenes, with contrasting effects of moonlight and candle-light, are favorite subjects with Dutch painters. The lunar light, which is here breaking through a misty envelop and throwing the towers of the church into strong, clear, though delicate relief, is pale and cold, while the candle-flames that flicker about the fruit-stalls are warm and tangible. The picture is painted in the smooth style of the Dutch school, and especial study is evident in the representation of ripe and tempting fruit seen in the candle's rays on the nearest stall. Van Schendel was a Belgian, but was honored in many of the Academies of the Continent. His reputation was gained by these candle-light effects, in the rendering of which he was perhaps unrivalled among his contemporaries.



Threading the Needle, Reading the News.

AUGUST SIEGERT.

The old woman's features seem to be concentrating in her nose, so keenly is she watching the entrance of the thread into the needle's eye. A plain, honest, thrifty old wife is she, as one may tell from the face of her. In the companion-picture the old man,—her husband, maybe,—who is taking his comfort with pipe and beer, has evidently found something in his rustic newspaper that interests him deeply, for he is staring earnestly at the printed columns, and is for the moment oblivious of all things else. A very cheery picture of "solid comfort" he presents: a phlegmatic old peasant, who is content to let other men monopolize the world's work, so long as he enjoys his share of the world's comforts. Siegert, though he painted several important historical subjects, is chiefly known by his *genre* pictures, and his able method and his grasp of character are well displayed in these capital little specimens. They are as true to life as photographs, and they bring out salient points of personality as the photograph seldom does.



Niagara by Moonlight.

H. HERZOG.

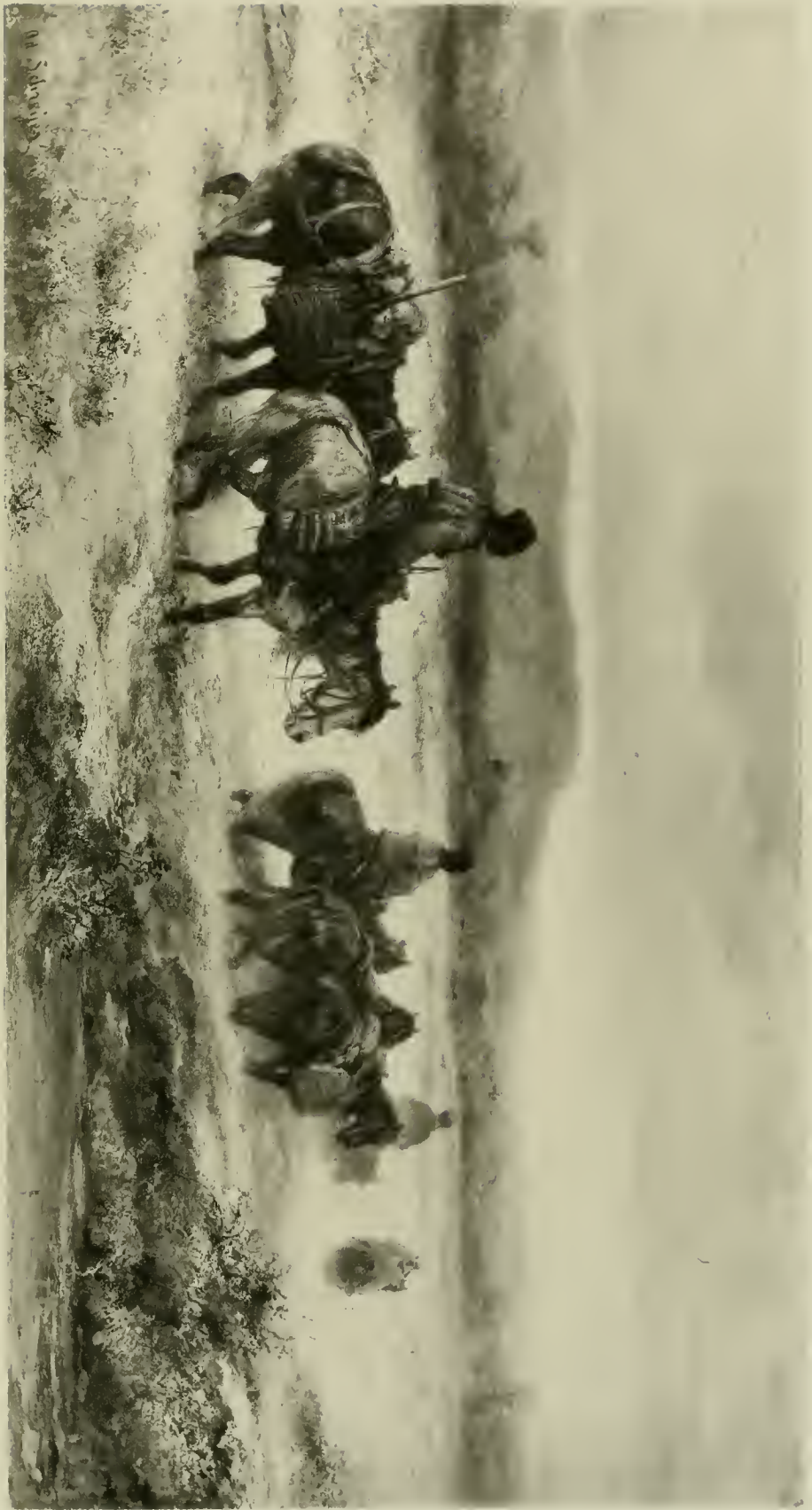
Moonlight effects are difficult to paint, and, albeit they are among the most delightful things in nature, they are difficult to make interesting in pictures. The absence of local color at night, the obliteration of detail, and the coldness of the illuminating medium make the painting of moonlights perilous to all but skilled artists. An instance of signal success in this kind of work is seen in this canvas. The view is taken from the American shore of Niagara, just below the inclined railway, from which point the whole sweep of the mighty cataract is seen at a glance. The painter has given movement to the fall, roll to the mists, and a glitter of real moonlight to the water. The composition, too, is worthy of notice for the simplicity wherewith its lights and masses are disposed. The important lines of the picture radiate from the summit of the cliff on the American shore, and the eye, following these, though unconscious of their subtle direction, is led to every point of interest. The river's wide space is relieved from an effect of bareness by the introduction of the boat, and the mass of shadow under the bank is offset by the glimmer of a fire. Few people stand long before this picture without feeling the realism of the scene growing upon them, until something of Niagara's own fascination seems to hold them, and the moonlight blazes and dazzles in the reflections given off by the seething river.



Siberian Travellers.

ADOLPHE SCHREYER.

It is to be regretted that photography could not deal more truthfully by this picture, for it is represented as being wrought in a higher key than that wherein Schreyer painted it. A boding darkness of cloud and a biting chill in the air, from which the poor horses dumbly suffer, are merely hinted in the reproduction, whereas they seem fairly to exhale from the canvas. The horses shrink before the blast and ineffectually drape their tails about their flanks. Trees and herbage have shrunk and withered before the cold, and the deathly shadow of it lies across the heavens like a pall. The powdery condition of the snow betokens a degree of cold that only such hardy riders as these half-barbarians are able to withstand. Little positive color is wrought into this picture, as its introduction would tend to dispel the sense of bleakness that constitutes the sentiment of the work. Schreyer is one of the great men of Europe. He has a style of marked originality and force, a medium between the looseness of the impressionists and the strictness of the older Dutch and German schools. He has been a traveller in many lands, but chooses his subjects mostly from the colder ones, and paints them so faithfully that one shivers with long looking at them. Americans are said to be the owners of the best pictures nowadays painted in European studios, and it is worthy of note that some fifteen or twenty of Schreyer's pictures are to be found in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Boston, that which is here under consideration being one in which the owner may justly feel a pride.



The Armory.

H. HANSEN.

A flood of bright sunlight plays and sparkles over the steel armor and trappings, and defines, with well-marked edges of reflected brilliancy, the marble columns that support the roof of this spacious hall. Cool tones of color prevail, and harmonize with the glint of steel and silver. At the nearest window an old armorer is hammering a breastplate into shape, and beyond him servants are rearranging a group of shields and arms upon the wall. The master of the castle is about descending the curious, curved stairway on the left, with a view to showing the treasures of the place to the lady in his company.



Headquarters of the Guard.

HERMAN TEN-KATE.

Evidently a room in some stronghold of the seventeenth century, for it has none of the bareness of a modern barrack. The carved oak wainscoting, the decorated chimney-piece, the flag in the corner, the drum, and the various styles of military dress enliven the interior with color. The officer of the guard, who leans against a chair, with an agile-looking hound beside him, has received an important message, and is thoughtfully considering what reply to make. The soldier who brought it, and who stands before him hat in hand, and the secretary, who toys with a pen at the table, are awaiting his answer. The strong, self-reliant look of the soldiers' faces, the martial spiking of their moustaches, and their uniforms and trappings suggest long service in the profession of arms. Perhaps they are a detachment of the forces that so sturdily opposed "our army in Flanders." Herman Frederic Karl Ten-Kate—his full name is somewhat too cumbersome for every-day use—is the Veruet of the modern Dutch school, his pictures of military life having won him honors in many exhibitions.



Wm. & R. Wall
Lond.

Indian Rock, Narragansett.

WILLIAM STANLEY HASELTINE.

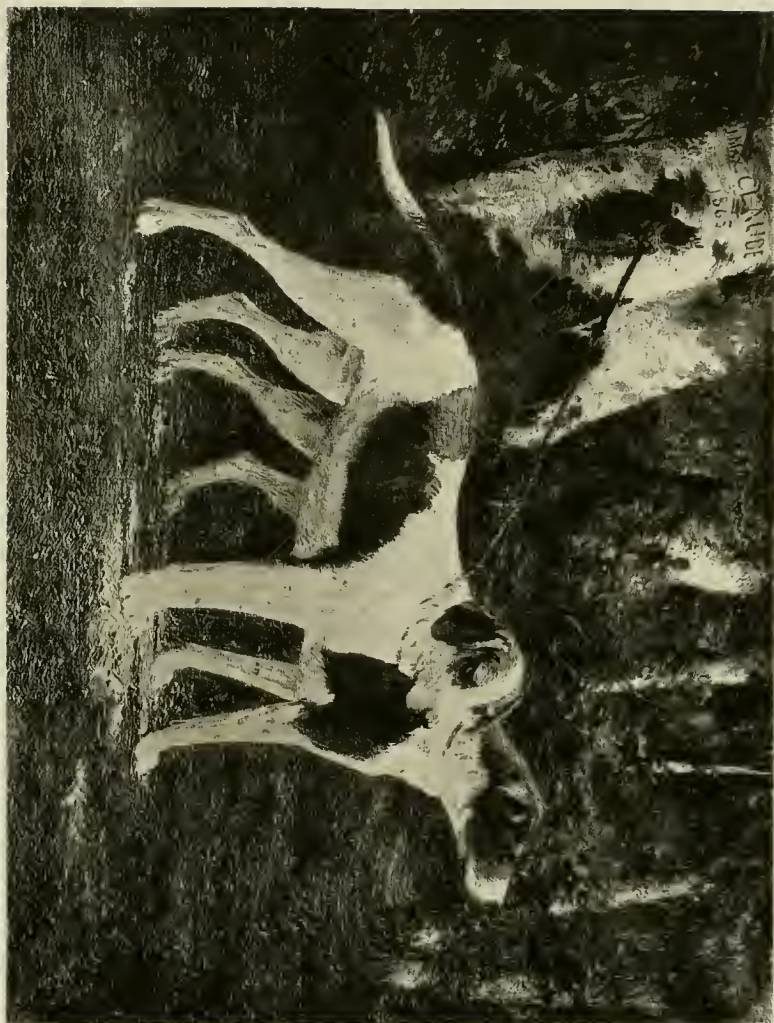
The painter of this picture, though American by birth and a member of the National Academy of Design, is comparatively unknown in his native country, his subjects and his *clientèle* being mainly foreign. A picture by him so seldom finds its way to America that the one who secures it has reasons for self-congratulation. The "Indian Rock" is a spirited piece of marine painting. A low afternoon sun, surrounded by a halo of vapor struck through with sunbeams, illuminates the heaving sea and casts long shadows towards the spectator from the rock fragments on the ledges. This effect of mellow light raying across the ledges is painted with such subtilty that it is felt rather than seen. Long platoons of waves are charging against the castellated masses and breaking in impotent anger on their iron fronts. The painting is true, and the rocks are as fixed and hard as the sea is fluid and full of motion.



Hunting Dogs.

JEAN MAXIME CLAUDE.

These alert, cleanly-built, well-conditioned animals are trained for the chase, and await freedom from the leash with as much patience as they can summon before starting in full cry upon the trail of some wretched little creature, fox or rabbit, which it is the European fashion to hunt with a cavalcade large enough to bring a herd of elephants to bay. They stand in a cool, shadowy wood, and the sun, sifting through the leaves, patches the brown earth with spots of white. The artist has shown a fine feeling for nature in the representation of this wood.



Rambling.

ADRIEN MOREAU.

One of those bright, crisp, pleasant fancies that Parisian artists, whose minds largely reflect the brightness and crispness of Parisian life, are prone to. Mademoiselle has paused in her rambles to rest and day-dream, and has seated herself on a bank of grass and blossoms overlooking a placid stream. She is all delicacy and grace,—less of the Frou-Frou about her than about most Parisian demoiselles,—and the light, refined colors of her parasol and dress, seen in relief against the dark foliage, suggest a lily or a blush rose in a clump of verdure. Moreau is chiefly known by his pictures of life in the French courts of the last two centuries, many of which are familiar to Americans through photographs and engravings.



Objects of Art in the Louvre.

BLAISE DESGOFFE.

This painter, who is said to be the only one in France who is allowed free access to the treasures of the Louvre, is almost solely a painter of still life. In his sphere of art he is probably without a rival, and so high a critical authority as Hamerton, whose acquaintance with British and Continental art is of the widest, assigns him a higher position than that occupied by the laborious imitators of the Dutch and Flemish schools. But, while these old masters were content to study things uninteresting in themselves, such as kitchen-utensils and other familiar objects, Desgoffe makes choice of things intrinsically beautiful. His picture in this collection is almost a marvel of dexterous representation, and, while it bears viewing through a magnifying glass, it sustains no loss in force by reason of its nicety of treatment. The ivory mug, the crystal vase on its agate stand, the tiara of jewels, the fan, the curious little enamelled figure of St. George, the goblet of veined stone, are grouped together skilfully, and the decorative effect of the whole is augmented by the heavy red drapery and the fresh flowers carelessly thrown down upon it.



The Duel.

E. M. A. ANDRÉ.

These gentlemen are proceeding to arrange a duel with that outward assumption of calmness which was supposedly characteristic of the gallants of high society in "the good old days,"—those good old days which many wish restored, yet would be shocked and grieved were their wish granted. A duel in those times stood for something more serious than the duel of the present. The principal in the foreground is receiving the hints and instructions of his second, while his foe, rapier in hand, paces moodily along a more distant portion of the field. Three friends of the combatants are selecting ground for them, and are actively discussing the advantages of position. The spot is quiet and secluded, and the carriage which has driven to it with a living occupant may, in leaving, serve the purpose of a hearse.



Approaching a Climax.

EDWARD NAVONE.

A phase of the old, old story, about to be told again into ears that are willing to hear it. The young cavalier leans upon the chair his lady occupies, and his look reveals what his tongue falters in the telling of, for men are woful cowards at such times. The young woman is considerately giving him time to summon speech. Lively color pervades the canvas, and the eye rests with satisfaction on the blue of the lady's robe, the red roses in her lap, the old-gold hangings at the window, and the differing shades of red in cushion, in carpet, and in the man's picturesque attire.



London
Oct 1877

Twilight Landscape.

L. COMELERAN.

This picture exacts notice by its strong contrasts of light and shadow (somewhat less marked in the phototype than in the picture). The landscape is seen in relief against a soft, rich twilight sky, and the loss of local color, incident to the hour, is compensated by force and clearness. Forms of stark, vertical poplars offset the rounded masses of other trees, and aid in distinguishing the foreground, and in the distance the hills melt softly into the sky. The temptation to indulge in tricks and flashes of color, to which many painters of sunsets and twilights yield, has been manfully withstood, and the artist reveals to us the very spirit of the hour.

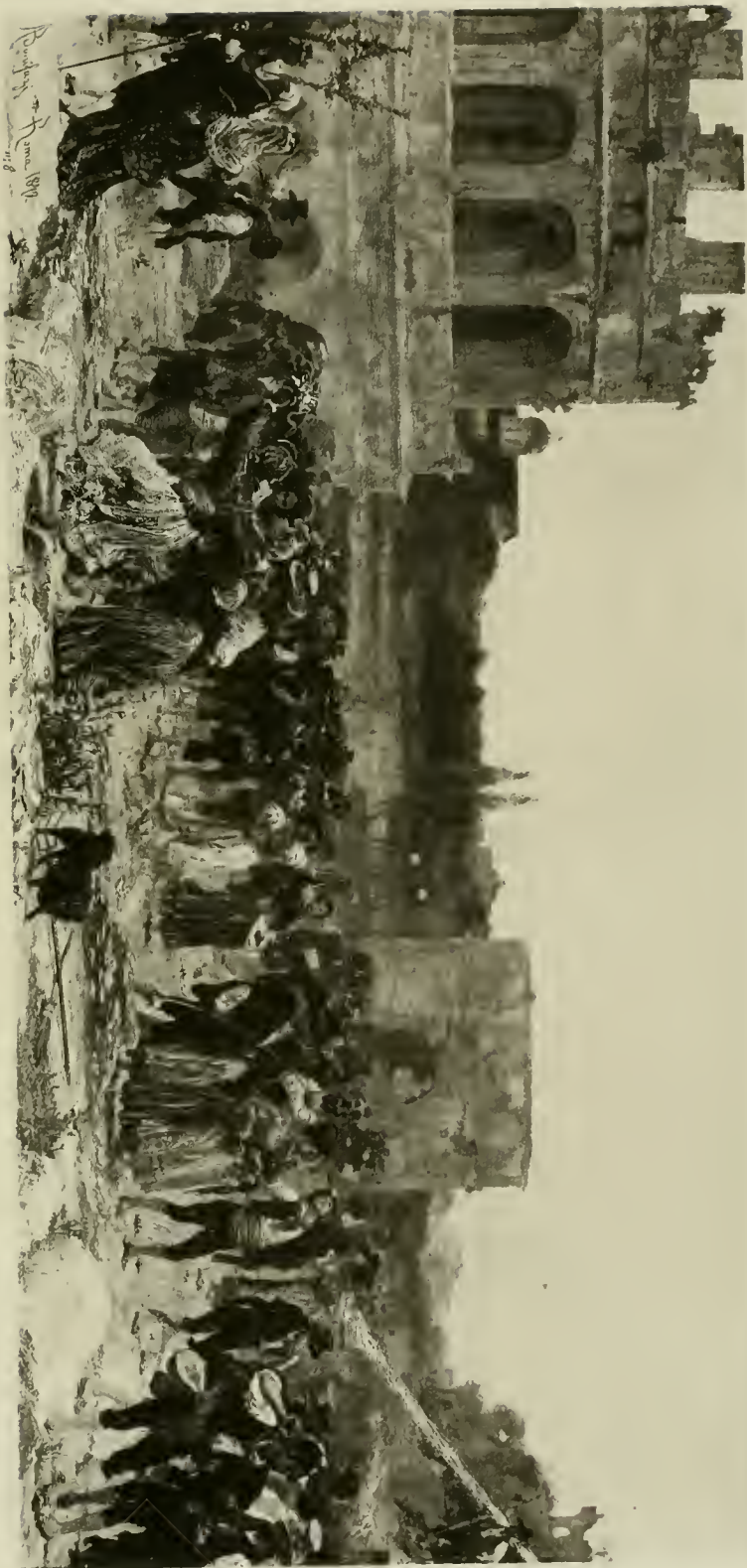


L Comberney 1872.

Carnival Scene.

A. BONIFAZI.

The scene is Rome, with the edge of the Colosseum showing on the left, and the Arch of Titus in the middle distance. The solid bulk of these structures heaves upward against a gray twilight, and they look down as if calmly cognizant of, yet indifferent to, the revelry of the light-hearted men and women, descendants of their builders, who fill the piazza. Thoughtless merry-making is the sole occupation of the hour. The people dance, sing, jest, laugh, wave their lamps and torches, and kindle bonfires, with all the spontaneity and incomprehensible enthusiasm of the Latin races. The cirrus clouds have turned purplish gray in the dusk, and the moon wheels slowly into the heavens. By a quaint conceit of the artist, the cloud-fragments floating across the moon lend to the satellite the aspect of a face. The sense of activity in the crowd of revellers is well expressed.



Belgian Landscape.

B. C. KOEKKOEK.

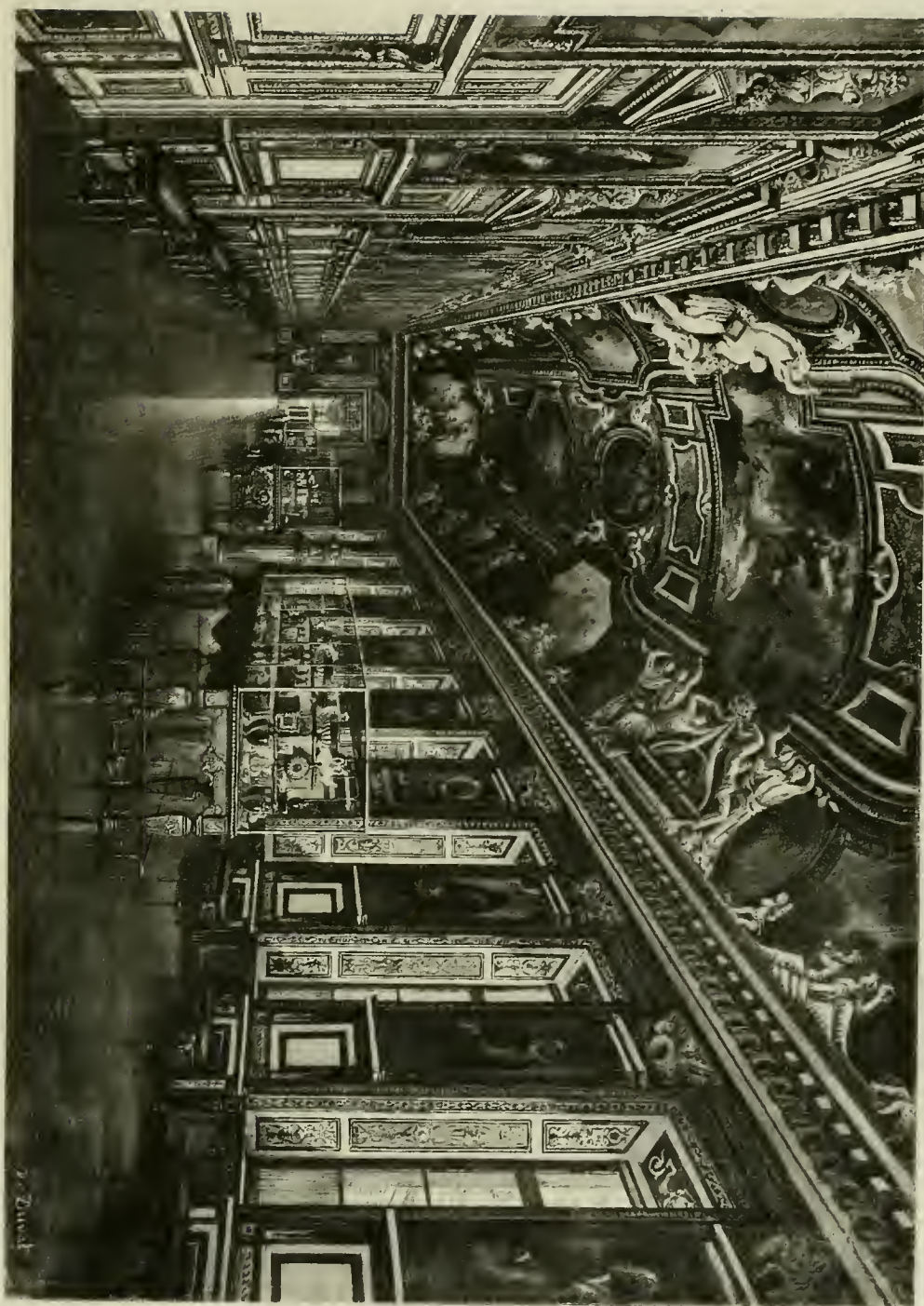
A pleasant, restful landscape, with a subject that Dutch painters have delighted in for two centuries or more. Though painted with care and smoothness, a considerable degree of nervous energy is seen in the handling of the cloud-forms and the trees, the branches of the latter being drawn with that light, quick touch that, in the practised painter, indicates certainty of hand and knowledge of effect and form. Koekkoek has now been dead some twenty years, and his works are steadily appreciating in value. He was a knight of various orders, a member of three Academies, in Holland, England, and Russia, a medallist of Paris, Amsterdam, and the Hague, and founder of the drawing academy at Cleves.



Gallery of the Louvre.

V. DUVAL.

A hall of noble dimensions, of the most florid type of the Renaissance, sumptuous in carving, frescos, pictured panels, polished floor, and cases of *bijouterie* and bric-à-brac,—almost an *embarras de richesses*. It is one of the galleries of the Louvre, the great French treasure-house of art. The picture exhibits a cleanness of handling, a sharpness of outline, and a polish of surface quite in keeping with the subject.



Gathering the Flock.

P. MICHETTI.

Bettina is driving home her gobblers in the cool dusk of evening, but photography, it will be seen, has a grudge against dusk, and endeavors to insist that it is mid-day. The turkey-herd bears herself with the queenly grace of young Italian women, and is attired in their picturesque and attractive garb,—grace soon lost in rapid development, and garb too often suggestive of things the reverse of artistic. Warm evening light fills the air and suffuses with a rosy flush a mountainous pile of cloud that lies along the horizon. Reflected sky in the bosom of the winding river lets light into the landscape.



The Sportsman's Rest.

DAVID COL.

A buxom, healthy-looking Dutch housewife is about pouring some wine or beer into the outheld glass of a tired hunter, who has dropped into a kitchen chair in a make-yourself-at-home attitude and is looking up with a smile of expectancy. He has evidently been long afoot, and his face is reddened by sun and wind, but there is a certain exuberance of tint in his nose that indicates the draught he is awaiting to be no unfamiliar thing, and a certain twinkle of the eye that shows him to be susceptible to the stalwart charms of his Hebe. Col is a painter of *genre*, whereof the present example is a good specimen.



Cattle.

R. BURNIER.

What a bold, vital work is this! The cattle are no painted images; they are real. Their motion seems to have been arrested but for a moment. But not less remarkable than the cattle-painting is the atmosphere. The ability is not given to every artist to paint an atmosphere, but Burnier has done it. It is that silvery morning air, charged with evaporating dew, and seeming to shine with a brightness of its own,—the air that charmed Corot, though he modified it in his landscapes and admitted into it no such full lights as those resting on the flanks of the sturdy cattle. The introduction of the figure crossing the misty meadow with yoke and pails is judicious, as it balances the figures of the cattle on the right, and serves to show the thickness and watery saturation of the atmosphere.



Picking Cherries.

W. BOUGEREAU.

Bougereau is one of the acknowledged masters, not of French art alone, but of the world's art. We may charge him with over-refinement of style and with repetition of his models, but the great facts of his fine imagination, his delightful technique, and his elevation of subject are indisputable. Even his peasants are like angels in serenity of face and elegance of form, and his flesh tints are the creamy tints of ivory faintly suffused with the blush of roses. This picture is one of the veritable treasures of Mr. Bement's collection, and fully to enjoy the original one should concentrate his gaze upon it through the partly-closed hand or through a pair of tubes. The figure then stands out with natural *vraisemblance*. The child is a product of one of nature's choice idyllic moods; she is a type which the artist has not conventionalized, and her pure, beautiful face, with its blue eyes and flaxen hair, is one of the most exquisite that the painter has ever shown us. The air is sweet with the odor of fruit and flowers, the earth is gay with verdure and sunshine, and the sweetness and brightness of nature seem to have passed into the little creature. Bougereau is a painter of famous pictures, among which may be mentioned "Charity," "Nymphs and Satyr," "Young Girl and Love," "Twilight," "Pietà," and many religious subjects. He is also a decorative artist of rare ability. The great talents of this painter were shown at an early age; and while studying for amusement in a school where the other pupils were learning to become artists, the awarding of the first prize to him at the close of the term created an excitement that terminated in a riot. He was intended by his parents to pursue a mercantile career, but has met with success as an artist that many merchants might envy, even were artistic success to be measured entirely by mercantile standards.



The Sleeping Sexton.

J. G. VIBERT.

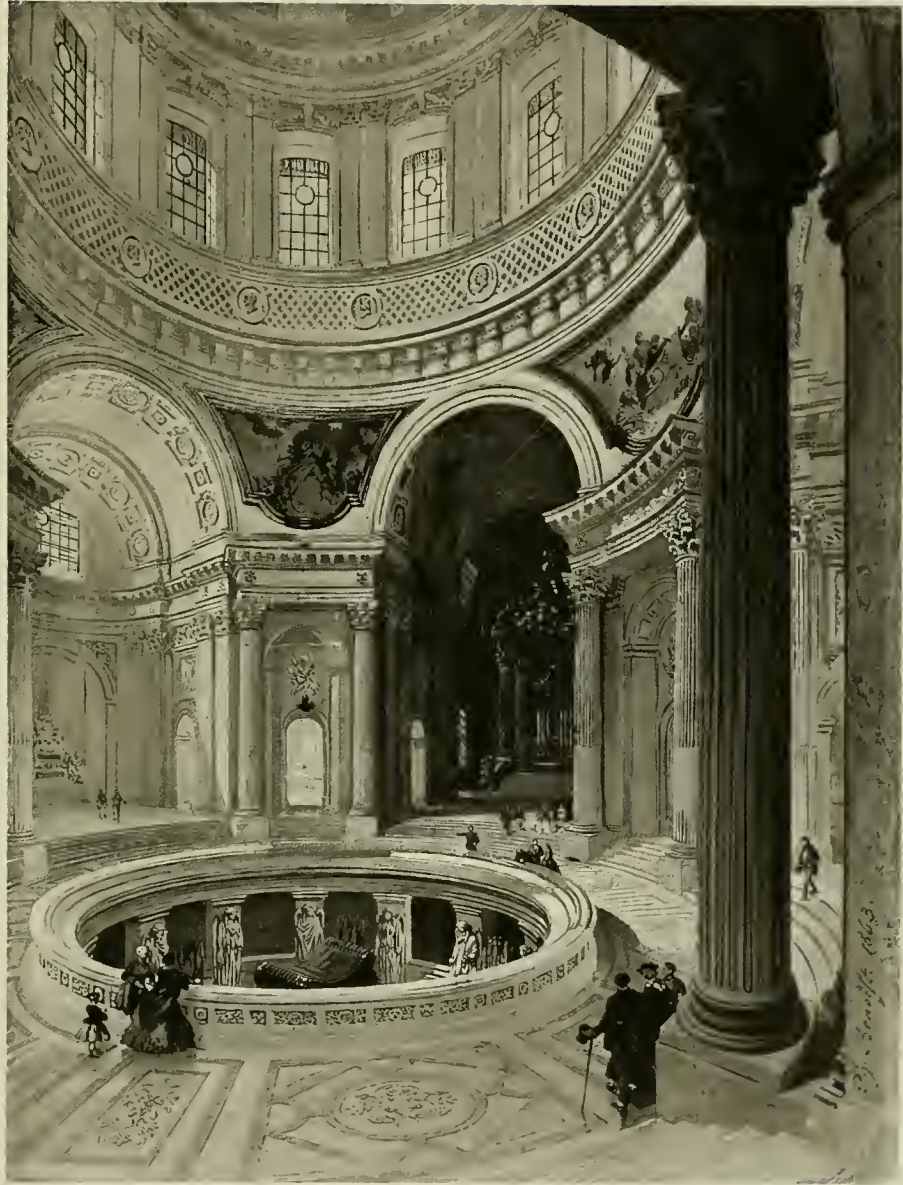
Quaint and delightful is this example of a master who is one of the shrewdest portrayers of character in modern France and one of the most imaginative painters of the century. His "Apotheosis of Thiers," exhibited in the Salon of 1878, is regarded as one of the most important works ever displayed in that colossal exposition. In "The Sleeping Sexton" the old beadle, a gorgeous vision of dignity, pomp, plush, and gold lace, has gone to sleep on duty, leaning against the pulpit stairs. He still clutches his staff of office, and maintains a moderate erectness of figure; but the opened mouth, and the head dropped to one side, show that he is oblivious to his gorgeousness and greatness. The peasant woman in the chair behind him also sleeps after her week's hard labor, though the preacher above her is apparently loud in his fervor and his eye is rolling in a fine religious frenzy. Much close study has been put into the details of this picture, and the color is ripe and full.



Napoleon's Tomb.

P. BENOIST.

This picture of a magnificent shrine (for such it now is), the Rotunda of the Invalides, at Paris, is of historic and architectural interest. The people who have gathered here have uncovered their heads, for in the sarcophagus, guarded by sculptured angels and surrounded by the battle-flags of France, sleeps—if that active and ambitious spirit can sleep—Napoleon Bonaparte, the man of destiny, the soldier who wielded a power unknown since the days of Alexander, the general whose armies' tread shook all Europe, the wondrous founder of an ignominious dynasty. The artist has dwelt with evident enjoyment on the fine architecture of the building, its high altar, and its mortuary chambers. The large, cool spaces of the structure are well suggested.



Trying the Finger Ring.

J. JULIANI.

This picture, a water-color, represents a young Italian woman who has just selected from her jewel-casket a ring, the effect of which upon her finger she is noting. She is clothed in white satin and lace, with ropes of pearls about her neck. A red pocket hangs at her side. The artist has used color both solidly and in transparent washes; that is, the lights are produced by body-color in some places, and in others by the white paper showing through the tint. A tempest in a teapot has been generated among schools of water-color painters over this question of washes *vs.* body-color, but the matter is "caviare to the general," so long as the desired effect is produced by either means.



The Evening Star.

ALEXANDRE CABANEL.

Most visitors to this gallery would select this as the gem among its figure-pieces. It is a beautiful illustration of Cabanel's *spirituelle* coloring and idealizing. It is "a poem on canvas." The figure, upon whose auburn tresses burns the star of evening, floats through an atmosphere softly radiant with evening light. The sun has sunk, the moon is rising pale behind her, and she slowly lifts from the star her cloudy veil of purple, that its beams may glance out into the night and add new charm to evening. The face is serious and sweet, and the form the perfection of female shapeliness. Though the soft curves of the figure are freely revealed through its gauzy robe, it is void of sensuous suggestion, and its dreamy, upward float is as light as the ascent of mist. Cabanel—teacher, medallist, Academician, winner of the *prix de Rome*, and painter of the highest rank—has never reflected upon canvas a lovelier vision than this "Evening Star."



In Memoriam.

ALFRED STEVENS.

The pictures of the Belgian painter Alfred Stevens would be of value if only for their fidelity to costumes and surroundings. His work, however, belongs to two well-marked periods, this picture being representative of the first, his later compositions aiming more at decorative effect and less at story. Yet he paints nothing that is not intrinsically attractive, allowing his subject to take precedence over his interpretation. Graceful women are his especial admiration. This picture is more serious, both in matter and in manner, than those painted in his usual vein. The young lady in mourning costume is placing a sprig of evergreen above her mother's portrait. Dark hues predominate, but a dash of positive color is found in the chintz-covered chair.



The Skipper's Watch.

GEORGE H. BOUGHTON.

An amusing little *double-entendre*. The bronzed old salt who sits upon the gravel of the beach is not only acting as watch upon an infantile charge, but has resigned his old "bull's-eye" for its entertainment. The contrast between the weather-roughened face of the skipper and the fair, chubby features of the infant is strongly marked. Sea, chalk-cliffs, and a walled coast-guard station are seen behind the playfellows, and a couple of children are sporting about an old cannon. All of Boughton's pictures have a story to tell, and this is a pleasant and cheery narrative. George H. Boughton, though of English birth, is American in education and individual in art. His education as an artist was almost entirely self-acquired. He affects scenes from Puritan life in New England, and most of his work has a touch of the sadness that we find in Hawthorne's word-portraits of kindred subjects.

The Glowing East.

THEODORE FRERE.

A caravan has halted in the desert to pitch its tents and prepare the evening meal. It has stopped on the edge of an oasis, denoted by its scanty verdure and its plume-like palms which rise in brown relief against the sky. In the foreground some Arabs are making a fire out of their slender store of materials, and gaunt camels await disburdening. Day is fading, and a crimson glow suffuses the west. Frere lived in the East for many years, and his pictures are nearly all of Oriental subjects.



Interesting the Convalescent.

C. BOUGNIET.

The sick woman in this picture has been propped up on pillows in an easy-chair, and a young friend or relative is posing before her in a new dress, which a maid is adjusting. The faces are pretty and animated, and the nun who attends the convalescent betrays, by her sidelong glance at the new dress, the fact that she is not wholly unconscious of the vanities of the world she has forsworn. The group is easy in its arrangement, and the picture pleasant in color.



What did he Say to You?

C. ATTILIO SIMONETTI.

The gallant who airily twirls his cane having made some remark to one of the signorinas as they passed him in their rambles through the grove, her associates are anxious to learn what he said to her, while he is just as anxious to overhear their remarks, feeling certain that the subject of conversation is his personal appearance, and fancying that he has made a favorable impression. This picture is a water-color, and exhibits Simonetti's wonted brilliancy.



The Coming Storm.

PIERRE AUGUSTE COT.

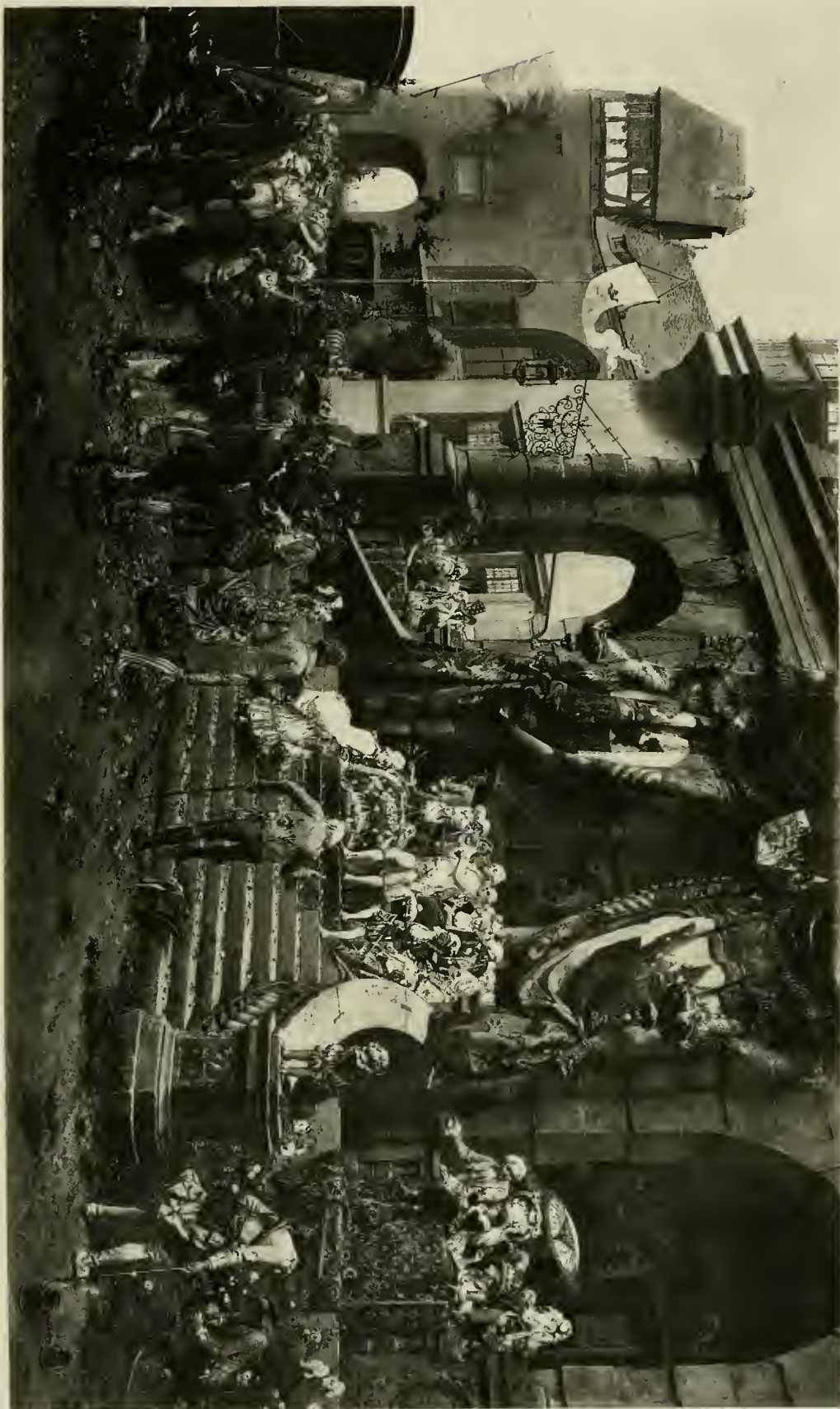
This is one of the two works by which this highly-gifted artist is principally known in this country, the other being the famous "Spring-Time," formerly in the A. T. Stewart collection. The artist, a native of Bédarieux, in Southern France, was a pupil alternately of Cogniet, Cabanel, and Bougereau, and he seems to have borrowed excellences from each of them. He wedded a daughter of Duriet, who designed the caryatids that surround Napoleon's tomb (see Benoist's picture of the tomb). Being a painter of portraits almost entirely, his work is little known outside of France, though all his canvases are pictures of great worth, and he was one of the decorators of the Hôtel-de-Ville, destroyed by the Commune. His death occurred but recently. This picture is in every way satisfying. It has grace, sentiment, and masterly technique. The handsome shepherd and the lovely girl beside him might pass for Paul and Virginia, and this little episode in their artless love-life might have been suggested by a leaf from the history of the Golden Age. The boy is swart and full of health and lithesome strength, and the girl a creature of finer mould, with silky, blond skin and golden tresses. He is clothed in goat-skin, and the horn wherewith he calls his flocks is twisted into his blue sash, while the girl is clad in a diaphanous robe of white. The cloak which they are about to draw over their heads is ballooned by the wind. Behind them a storm is rolling up black and threatening, and a flash of lightning vaulting through the sky reveals the outline of a bulky mountain. A ray of wan sunlight struggling through the clouds lights a little space around the retreating pair, and brings their figures into strong relief against the background.



Crowning the Bride.

O. CORTAZZO.

A splendid piece of decorative picture-making, by an artist who has a palette of rare opulence. It is full of life and gayety, and every face expresses pleasure and interest, as note the old grandam in her big frilled cap, the fresh-faced page before her, the peasantry approaching, accompanying the happy pair, the eager old drummer, the guests in the balconies, and the old gamekeepers, who are about to startle the company by firing a salute from the bombards on the ground at the right. The lord of the manor, a stately gentleman dressed in flowered satin, with his wife seated beside him, stands at the head of the steps in the act of crowning the bride with a wreath of flowers, as was the custom of the times. The bride is ascending the steps under the escort of her old father, while the groom follows after in charge of his mother. The brilliancy of costumes, curtains, and flowers makes of this a sumptuous canvas.



The Correspondent.

ANTOINE EMILE PLASSAN.

Lovers of the antique will admire the rich setting in which this lady is placed. The *escritoire* of ebony with gilded mouldings, the tall chairs elaborately carved, the stamped leather covering the walls, the dainty *bric-à-brac*, and the cabinet with a miniature copy of Michael Angelo's "Moses" enshrined upon it,—these give an effect of richness to the apartment which the artist has intensified by subjugating minor details of color to a deep, rich tone. This fair correspondent seems intent upon her work, but even in her pose may be seen an indication of habitude to the beautiful things about her, and you feel that were she to rise from her seat there would be that in her bearing to mark her at once as "to the manner born." Plassan is a medallist and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. His pictures are favorites with American buyers, and many of the most important of them are owned in this country.



The Discharged Page.

SALVATOR ALY.

A picture so clearly cut in all its parts that it reminds one of a finely-executed cameo. The girlish-looking page is about to leave the room, from which his soldierly master has ordered him. Is there a story behind this episode? Perhaps so. The mandolin on the low chair, the nosegay on the floor, the book of poems on the table,—things too suggestive of idleness and effeminacy to suit the tastes of the lord of the manor,—may give some clue to the sternness of his action and aspect, and to the apprehension of the wife. The color is rich, and the texture-painting clever.



The Picnic.

FIRMIN GIRARD.

This picture is full of snap and crispness in execution, and is fearless in color, and the phototype tells how clearly and brightly the figures stand out from the dark green of the grass and foliage. The party has assembled by a brookside in a little glen, and is delighting in the seclusion, the coolness, and the music of the brook and of children's laughter. The summer costumes of the ladies are brightened by strong sunlight. The style of Girard is vigorous and full of *verve*, yet his drawing is finished and his effects are carefully calculated.



Roving Musicians.

ANTON SEITZ.

Quite a noteworthy piece of detail is this picture. It is wrought with such pains that a microscope is needed to study the brush-work, yet it suffers little in firmness from this painstaking. The focus of light is found in the woman nursing her child, and from that point the color is carried by easy gradations towards the shadowy portions of the picture. It is this preservation of broad lights and darks that prevents the fineness of the artist's touch from carrying with it any semblance of "niggling." The group represents a band of strolling minstrels, or mountebanks, who have been given shelter in a stable and are preparing their evening meal. The advent of viands is awaited with philosophic calm but pleasurable expectancy by the dog and the monkey as well as by their masters.



Cattle.

EMILE VAN MARCKE.

It is as unnecessary to offer praises to Van Marcke's cattle as to Raphael's Madonnas. This apposition of painters and subjects need not be considered shocking, for in each case the artist is a creature of inspiration, and exalts what seems to him worthy or feasible of painting. Mr. Bement possesses in this canvas a fine example of the famous Frenchman. The cow is called the landscape-painter's animal. As Orpheus C. Kerr said of his horse Pegasus, she is of "the Gothic order of architecture." She has not the horse's smoothness of coat, which in a picture looks flat and weakens the form. She is picturesque, her shape and coat are full of salient points and angles, light and shade are well marked upon her, and her color enlivens the meadows where she feeds. There is, too, about cattle a sense of repose, and their slowness and laziness befit the serenity of summer landscapes. The cattle in this picture are painted with all of Van Marcke's boldness, and in color, drawing, and grouping the work leaves nothing to be desired. The fields have just been refreshed by a heavy shower, and the cattle seem to enjoy the return of sunlight as it falls through the breaking clouds.



In the Park.

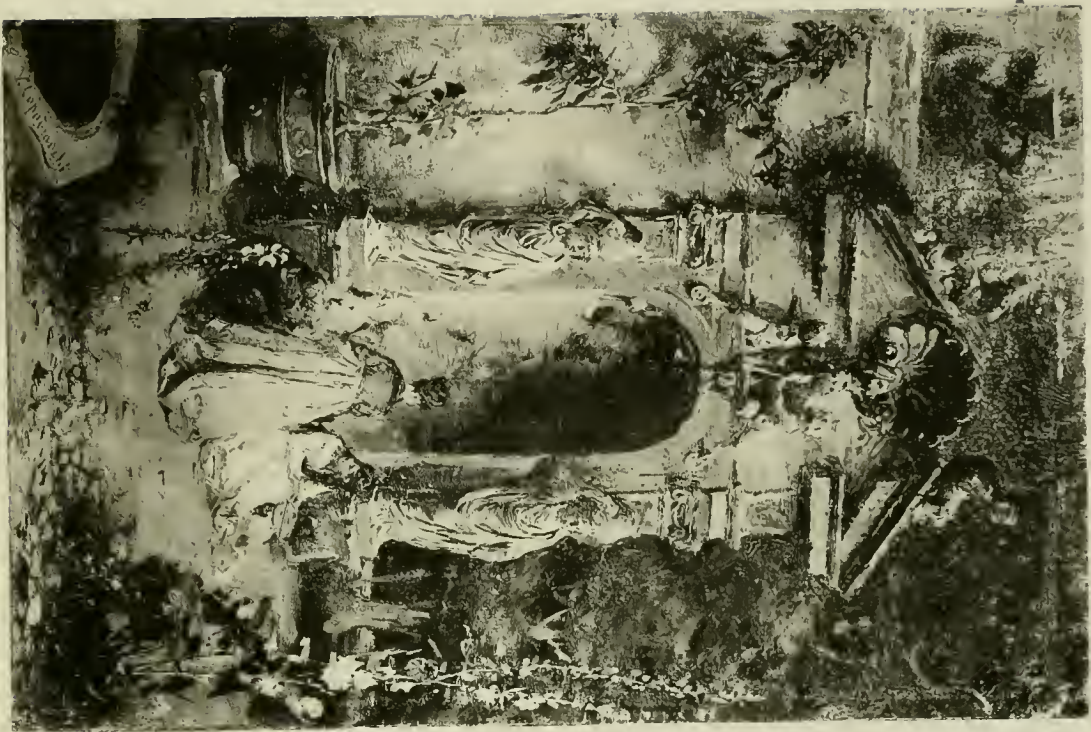
V. CAPOBIANCHI.

Light and air are well indicated in this pleasant little picture. The two ladies who have paused at the massive old fountain for rest and chat seem as blithe as the sunlight and the flowers about them. The work has been done in delicate touches, with but little positive color, except in the flowers and in the dresses of the ladies.

A View from the Garden.

M. RICO.

This is probably the best specimen of Rico in this country, and it may be doubted if the artist ever painted a better. The white mansion, with its tiled roof and quaint chimney, the fresh green trees that wave in the terraced garden, the pink walls rising from the water, with armorial bearings on them, the mediæval portrait wrought in the iron-work of the balustrade, and the blaze of a Southern sun upon it, all belong to Venice. The house was doubtless one of some pretences in former years. The ancestors of the coquettish ladies who are looking out upon the canal may have been the builders of the place, and doubtless were of noble birth. The master-stroke in this picture is the shadow that rests on a corner of the terrace. It is wonderful in its truth to nature. It has the transparency of real shadow, and so deftly is it painted that inspection fails to disclose whether it is solid color or a glaze.



“Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther.”

WILLIAM T. RICHARDS.

This is the sea itself,—no painted likeness. It is real water that tumbles upon the shell-strewn sands, shoaling in foam-webbed laps as it recedes. The surf has action; it mounts to breaking, and then rolls crashing over. In translucent edges of the waves shines the beryl tint that sea-water shows when struck through with sunlight. The sense of vastness is intensified by the loneliness of the ocean, for gulls and distant sails are the only indications of life. Masterly treatment is seen in the thin overcasting of cloud and the distant fan of sun-rays filtering through it. The air is so full of vapor that it may precipitate in storm, and ominous shadows are gathering in portions of the sky, though the sun forces its light through openings in the ragged clouds, and a long strip of golden sheen marks the horizon, while the foreground is brightening with another ray. The polished surface of the water is luminous with reflections of white clouds, and is broken into thousands of waves, whose liquid clash unites in the indescribable chorus that Æschylus calls “the multitudinous laughter of the sea.” The tides have reached their limit, but here the powers of man cease too, and, standing beside these heaving waters, one hears in fancy the lines of Byron’s apostrophe:

“Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty’s form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed,—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving,—boundless, endless, and sublime,—
The image of Eternity,—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.”



The Musical Amateur.

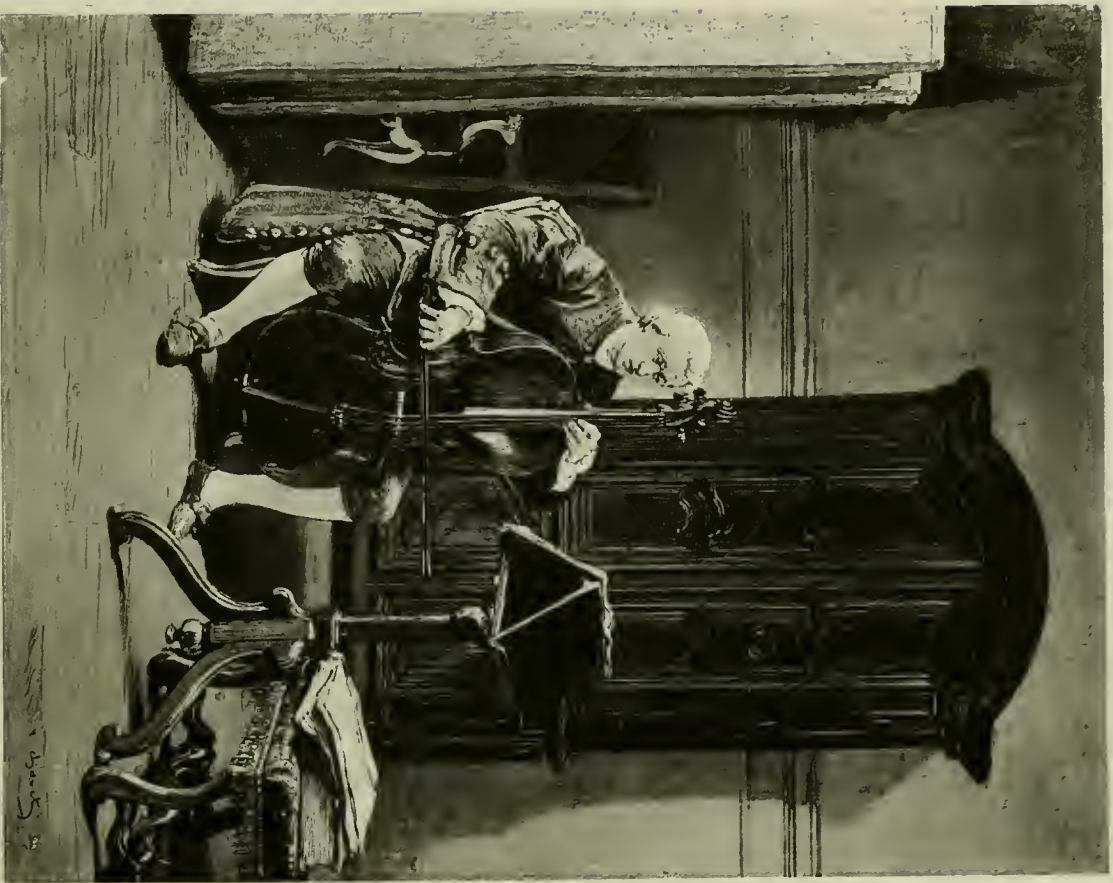
J. VICTOR CHAVET.

Subjects of this kind are favorites with Chavet, whose style is marked by a precise and cleanly touch bordering upon formalism, and he discloses an almost affectionate interest in his work. The amateur's costume suggests the "teacup times" that Austin Dobson sings about, and, as classical music was not beneath a gentleman's attention in those days, he is probably playing a solemn and laborious composition of Haydn, Bach, or Handel.

The Musical Enthusiast.

LOUIS GEORGES BRILLOUIN.

There is a deal of humor in this picture. The old fellow's complete absorption in his music is shown by his stooped attitude in the tilted chair whereon he sits astraddle. Wig and nightcap are awry, and his eyes, his ears, his soul, are centred in the notes before him. His only audience is a dog, who is endeavoring to sing to his master's fiddling, with results to be imagined. Violin, harpsichord, guitar, and a pile of music reveal the hobby of the single-minded man, and he is taking his comfort, wisely, in his own fashion. Some nice bits of painting are to be found in the picture, especially in the representation of the old brown-velvet coat.



The Fisher Girl.

LÉON PERRAULT.

Perrault has something of the same feeling for peasant life that we find in the work of Millet and of Jules Breton. He invests those born to poverty and servitude with a certain patience and pathos, and thereby freights his canvas with moral significance as well as pictorial interest. The thoughtful, gentle face of the girl in this large picture is doubtless an ideal, for the toilers of the sea are known by sterner, stronger faces than this. There is little in their hard lives to encourage such thoughts and impulses as would refine a face as this is refined: still, she is but a child, and youth has its seasons of love and dreaming that tend to soften the expression and to make the manners gentle. The technique of the picture is solid and efficient. The girl's eyes are painted with especial liquidity, and, despite their dreaminess, they seem to follow the spectator to all parts of the room. The pose is easy, and the coloring, as seen in the red skirt, the blue bodice, the kerchief about the neck, the worn basket, the jug, and the freshly-taken fish, is ample, yet harmonious. The background is appropriate, and a cool, damp air, like that exhaled from ocean, is indicated in the skies that bend above the sea.



The Forest.

C. VAN WYNGAERTD.

The rich, succulent style of Diaz and Dupré is recalled by this picture, as it is quite in their vein. The thoughts follow the eye into the gracious shade of the forest's bosky recesses, for the picture possesses the rare value of suggestiveness. The figure is a well-placed note of form and color, and confirms the repose shared by the woods, the water, and the summer atmosphere.



Mother and Child.

HUGUES MERLE.

This work exhibits the grace and color-refinement of the artist, and has a pretty sentiment of its own. The young mother, whose oval face is framed in rich masses of dark hair, tenderly embraces the little golden-haired daughter, who has run to her side in one of those precious and ingenuous impulses of affection and confidence that childhood so frequently displays. Merle is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He has painted several mother-and-child pictures, though his principal motives are taken from scenes in French history.



Gathering Flowers.

C. DETTL.

The elegance of old-time costumes and the brightness of flowers and foliage give to this picture an ornamental and rococo aspect. The lady and gentleman are culling blossoms from the beds that border the high, dark wall, and a little page stands by, waiting to receive the flowers as they are gathered. The lady is dressed in a tasteful gown of blue, and the gentleman in a finely-embroidered coat of light-blue velvet.



Inspiration.

H. SINKEL.

The face that this woman lifts from her canvas is spiritualized and radiant with visions of pure and beautiful things. It may be that painters seldom receive inspiration consciously and directly from the skies, as she is doing, but, as an idealization and embodiment of art, what could be more appropriate or poetic? The figure is richly robed in red and yellow, is splendidly posed, and not only is it indicative of inspiration, but a certain degree of inspiration inheres in the work of the artist itself.



The Beautiful Tyrol.

CARL JOSEPH KUWASSEG.

Kuwasseg, who was an Austrian by birth, but a Frenchman by choice and naturalization, began life, as did Munkácsy, as a carpenter. He was especially attracted by wild mountain-landscapes like this, and painted them in oil and water-color for the twoscore years of his professional career. Artists are often deterred from undertaking pictures of large objects, like mountains, through inability to invest them with that aspect of size and sublimity which they actually possess; but Kuwasseg admires the heroic in nature, and paints it. In this picture a mighty pyramid of rock springs into the air, its summit wreathed in drifts of snow and tracts of ice, from which emerge sharp, rugged *aiguilles* of ruddy-brown granite. Narrow, rudely-formed terraces on the bluffs and outlying hill-sides furnish a foothold for pines and firs, and between the foot of the lofty crag on the left and the roaring torrent a sufficiently broad shelf is formed to afford room for a rude path. The painting is bold, strong, and airy, and the scene magnificent.



The Garden Stroll.

F. KRAUS.

Standing amid the dark-green background and floral accessories of her garden, this woman, with sunlight flickering over her white dress and making portions of it shine with soft, silvery tints, might be likened to a tall and stately lily uplifted from a bed of roses. The figure has ease of pose, refinement of color, and simplicity of composition, and its telling effect of light against shade compels the eye to seek it amid surroundings that would seem likely to distract attention from it.



The Canine Pets.

P. VERNON.

Quite an Oriental piece of color, seemingly by a pupil of Diaz. The young woman with the pup in her arms is arrayed like an odalisque, in a costume of red and blue, with golden ornaments, and her black eyes and hair increase her resemblance to a fair Turk or Persian. The background, somewhat sketchily put in, is suggestive of woodland shade and coolness.



Playing the Guitar.

LOUIS LELOIR.

Though it is not a Japanese lady who is picking at the strings of this cumbrous, long-necked instrument, we have all the effect of a Japanese "make-up" in the bright-blue dress and the showy, positive color of the rug and screen. It is a water-color picture, but has the crispness and clear cutting of a work in oils. Leloir is a member of an artistic family, who is fond of subjects with plenty of color in them, and who, for that reason, paints court-scenes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, where the costumes give him an opportunity to display his lively tinting.



The Old Gardener.

EDOUARD ZAMACOIS.

This is no studio gardener,—not he! The strong frame, now somewhat bent with age and cramped with labor, though still smooth-skinned, healthful, and well proportioned, is that of a real toiler in the fields. He has straightened himself for a rest, and the bend of the fingers, the bowing outward of the knees, and the stoop of the head show that he has but just ceased work. The background of the picture was undergoing change when it left the painter's easel; perhaps it marked the cessation of all his earthly labors; hence we have the anomaly of a band of twilight sky cutting across the landscape between the tree-tops and their roots. But the gardener holds attention so well that one does not notice his surroundings. He is turning up ground for planting, and it was doubtless the painter's intention to compose a background partly made up of flowers, as a rose-bush nods behind the gardener on the right. In color the artist is quiet and tends towards the use of neutral tints, for he seems to have been guided by a wish to o'erstep not the modesty of nature. Zamacois was a pupil of Meissonier, of whose style one may see traces in this picture, and is best known by his satirical works, such as "A Good Pastor" and "The Education of a Prince." He could cut as keenly into follies with his brush as could Thackeray with his pen. Had he not died in the flower of his youth, great things would justly have been expected of him; and indeed, though his career was brief, he worked to good purpose.



Talking Politics.

THEODORE CERIEZ.

These three worthies, who have met in a rustic wine-shop, are discussing factional differences with the air of statesmen. None of the truculence that accompanies our political wrangles is seen on the faces of these steady-going gentlemen. The American bar-room statesman is one of the foundation-stones of this republic,—in his own estimation; but these politicians have no feeling of heavy responsibility. They are not aware that the fate of any particular nation hangs on the issue of their debate, or that, if they are not watchful, some man not of their political stripe may get in as constable of their ward. The good-natured people in the inn-yard are contenting themselves with little present regard for the political situation, and do not seem to consider that it may be necessary for them to “make one more bold advance” or to “rally nobly around the standard of the grand old party.” Indeed, political eloquence does not seem to have shaken their calm and easy-going natures, or to have quenched their thirst or marred their appetites. The drawing and color of the picture are marked by the methods and mannerisms of the later Dutch school.



“You don't Say it's Counterfeit!”

G. FERRARI.

In this bright canvas the rough-and-ready cavalier has dropped into a chair in a restaurant, and after getting his dinner, even to wine and dessert, has offered a coin in payment therefor which the dusky proprietor is doubtfully considering. It is not unlikely that the Don Cesar de Bazan—for some such fellow he seems to be—has offered the only coin in his possession, and now that he has achieved a dinner it does not seem to fret him greatly that the character of his money should be called in question. The soldier, with his careless attire, his big sombrero, his red sash, his long sword and long boots, and the red-fezzed Moor beside him, are two unusually picturesque gentlemen.



Ida.

ROLAND BAUDUIN.

A charming ideal head, poised gracefully on a round neck and curved shoulders, a sincere face, with large, dark, dreamy eyes, a gypsy of romance, a Zingara of the opera or of the masquerade, yet a strong, healthy creature, with plenty of red blood in her veins,—that is what Banduin has painted here.

Clara.

ROLAND BAUDUIN.

These two figures make a delightful contrast. In the maid in gypsy costume we note strength; in this graceful blonde, with a cascade of golden hair rippling over her shoulders, we note sensibility and refinement. The face, relieved against a background of intense blue, is clear-cut, though finely moulded, and all parts of the picture bear out the impression of softness. A foam-like wreath of drapery sweeps around the pearly shoulders and forms a kind of frame for the lovely vignette.



Seeking Knowledge.

ALBERT LAMBRON.

This old fellow is one of the Izaak Waltons of his craft, for he finds delight in the means as well as in the end of his pursuit,—the secret of human felicity. In dress, with his red coat and pink silk breeches, he is an *incroyable* of the First Empire; in occupation he is an amateur scientist, who has come forth to hunt butterflies, but who, becoming interested in an entomological work, has failed to observe that the very insects he is seeking are fluttering about his head. The unperturbed expression and *insouciant* attitude are refreshing.



Song of the Bird.

G. BOLDINI.

Without being an actual imitator of Fortuny, this artist's style strongly recalls that of the famous Spaniard. There is the same suggestion of rapidity in painting and composition, the same detachment of elemental features from less essential portions, which are rendered after the manner of the impressionists, the same *naïveté* of effect, the same lavish use of color. The young woman, who has paused in an almost impossible walk through a bristling undergrowth to listen to the notes of a bird, and the cottony wisps of cloud in the strong blue of the clear sky, constitute an arrangement that might almost be taken, at first sight, for a painting by a Japanese artist.



The Morning Call.

L. BAKALOWICZ.

A glimpse of a lordly interior is given in this picture, with its marble-columned portal opening on a terrace, its heavy *portière*, its tessellated floor, and its solid *buffet*. The hostess, arrayed in blue velvet, is pouring out for herself a glass of wine, while her visitor daintily sips from the glass the hostess has filled for her. The visitor's costume is formed of rich white satin, creamy lace, and blue velvet. The figures of the two women are graceful, and their faces are pretty and attractive.



The Necklace.

F. KRAUS.

Painted after the best manner of the German artists, with softness and simplicity of coloring. Though subdued, the tone is rich, and in the flesh-painting may be found something of that ripe, luminous, though ideal quality of color that Henner applies to his studies from the nude. The string of pearls held in the woman's hands gives a title to the picture.



Pompeian Flower-Girl.

JOSEPH COOMANS.

The Belgian painter Coomans passed the earlier years of his artistic career in Africa, where he went with the French army to study Moorish life, costumes, and architecture; but, visiting Italy in 1857, the historic suggestions of Herculaneum and Pompeii took so strong a hold upon his imagination that from that time onward he painted almost nothing but scenes and figures illustrative of Roman life in those cities before the fatal eruption of Vesuvius. An attractive face is here set before us, an artist's model in very truth, though probably no close portraiture of any living woman. Artists are sometimes accused of never allowing us to see the real people that they paint, but oftener than not we have to thank them for the little touches that lend grace and nobility to forms and beauty to faces, for art is a paraphrase rather than a literal imitation of nature. It may be objected that this girl is of too refined and modest a countenance, and too richly dressed and jewelled, ever to have been a flower-girl; she is rather some fine lady masquerading in that character. The artist's purpose was, however, to make a picture, and, looking upon the white skin and yellow hair glossed with sunbeams, the blue and white robes that drape the figure, and the literal bouquet of color in the flowers, none would refuse to concede that he had attained his object.



On a Branch of the Moselle.

CONSTANT TROYON.

A clergyman who occasionally visits Mr. Bement declared one day, "I am never tempted to break the tenth commandment except when I look at this picture." He is probably but one of many who have been thus tempted on coming within its subtle influence. It is in pastel, and is a delightful example of Troyon. The picture is charged with sunshine,—not the sharp light of clear days, but a warm, soft illumination, that seems not merely to rest upon the land, but to pervade the atmosphere. The landscape is gentle,—a vale in Aready, one might fancy, were it not for the architecture of the building and the costumes of the peasants. The distance is admirably rendered, for it aids the eye and the thoughts to penetrate far into the country. A boat has just arrived before the quaint house, and one of the oarsmen is refreshing himself, after his long row, with an exhaustive draught from a jar, while another is carrying a heavy bag of provisions up the bank. Troyon, one of the really great landscape- and cattle-painters of France, was in manner allied to Rousseau and in feeling to Corot, while he was technically the superior of both. Nature aroused in him the same sensibility that makes a poet; and he was a poet, for color—the words of his verse—he had learned to use with skill and judgment.



Sheep in the Stable.

EUGENE VERBOECKHOVEN.

This, the second example of Verboeckhoven in Mr. Bement's collection, shows how well the artist preserves the best traditions of the Dutch school in his work. Could any photograph show the texture and appearance of wool more truthfully than he has shown it with the brush? He takes his subjects from humbler life, and the humbler life of animals especially. The surroundings are homely enough to satisfy all desire for realism, yet these brute plebeians are well fed, content, and lie about the straw-strewn floor in happy idleness. As studies of form, attitude, and action, they show careful observation. A golden-brown tone pervades the canvas, and light and shade are well balanced.



In the Cathedral.

EDWARD RICHTER.

A large picture, with huge, dim spaces of a Continental cathedral lit by the prismatic brilliancy of stained-glass windows, and relieved from heaviness by ornate Gothic architecture and Renaissance iron-work. An air of religious quiet pervades the sanctuary. The woman who is leaving the church shows herself as active in practical as in spiritual work, by handing a silver coin to the poorly-dressed woman who is kneeling on the pavement.



Ed. Richter. Brüssel
1882

The New Vintage.

F. VENIA.

An extremely high finish has been put upon this picture, for the artist has painted it with affection and enjoyment. The ripening wine that gleams in the trooper's glass has been served to him from the wicker-covered bottle. The girl who holds this bottle, and who leans against the huge barrel, looks piquantly up at him, laughing at his critical air, for your soldier is usually glad enough to get his wine anyhow, and is not scrupulous as to the quality if the quantity suffice. The figures are wrought against a background of shadow that fills a dark and cavernous cellar. The representation of substance and texture is remarkable in its finish and minuteness.



St. Catherine.

L. ITTENBACH.

At first glance one would say, "A Raphael!" but nationality reveals itself in art, and a hint of Teutonic origin is seen on closer examination. Yet it is evidently an outcome of sympathetic study of the old Italian masters, and would have reflected honor upon them. The face of the saint is uplifted, for she is listening to celestial melodies inaudible to the ears of common mortals, and, as if to suppress the swelling of her heart from emotions aroused by the angelic chorus, she presses her taper hand against her bosom. The picture is treated in a decorative manner, and, being painted on a circular panel of gold, resembles a mosaic of precious stones.



The Engagement Ring.

PAUL VIRY.

Shelley has been called the poets' poet, because poets alone can fully understand and appreciate him, and Viry, to judge from this example, might claim the title of the artists' artist, for it is so thoroughly a work of taste and a result of habits of thought and judgment as to claim admiration from the most critical. It is a pleasing and not too sentimental version of an oft-told story. The gallant who is about placing on the lady's finger a token of their troth looks at her in frank love and admiration, while the bride-to-be, with eyes downcast, smiles and colors with pleasure at his declarations. In the courtly environment of the lovers one reads of luxury and refinement. Hymeneal roses shed their fragrance over them, and a fine old château rises into view across the garden. The picture is painted with great delicacy, in a key of light and silvery color.



She Laughs at his Folly.

A. EGUSQUIZA.

This light-minded pair, an idle dame of fashion and her foppish caller, illustrate a phase of enervation and uselessness so discordant with the earnestness of American life that one looks upon it with curiosity. The fop is, apparently, amusing the lady as much by the feebleness as by the substance of his conversation, and he seems content to amuse her in any capacity. The picture is a sparkling piece of color, in which figure the lady's robes of sea-green satin, a scarlet-edged tiger-skin, laid in fluffy folds that are marked by clever brush-work, and a gaudily-decorated screen.



Languor: a Reverie.

RICARDO MADRAZO.

Madrazo, who comes of a gifted and artistic family, unites to his Spanish brilliancy and love of radiant hues the culture of the schools of France. This young woman could not look more attractive were she to resort to the most deadly arts of coquetry. Her face and form are of that type which is characterized by early maturity, some brief years of perfection, and then quick fading of beauty, followed by grossness of figure; but she is now in the bloom of her charms. It is the luxurious idleness of a Cleopatra that she is indulging; yet her mind is not inactive, for the brightness of her eyes and the sparkle of her smile show that her pretty head is filled with pretty fancies. The rich masses of black hair covering her head are confined by ample folds of lace, a scarlet shawl is thrown upon her shoulders, and a tiny foot peeps out below the skirt of polished satin. An effect of light entering at some door or window on the left, and gradually fading towards the right of the picture, where the shadows are heaviest, is hardly detected in the photograph.



Market-Scene in Naples.

G. SIMONI.

Bright summer sunlight bathes the white walls of a Neapolitan street, where all is bustle and confusion. It is market-day, and trooping in from the farms and gardens of the environs come the peasantry, who range their goods in order on the pavement or drive their laden donkeys to and fro, bawling forth the nature of their wares. There are colossal cabbages, big melons, tempting pomegranates, ropes of onions, baskets of tomatoes, stalks of celery, all disposed in a manner to attract the customer, and all uniting with the Italian costumes to form a bewildering display of color.



Selling Antiquities.

VICENTE PALMAROLI.

This bric-à-brac shop appears to be the room of a once handsomely decorated Hispano-Moresque apartment, for on the walls are traces of decorative carvings such as the Moors overlaid upon their architecture in Spain. Forbidden by their religion to make the likenesses of living things, these ardent people made the amplest use of all other channels wherein their love of art could manifest itself. They used color well, and their architecture was distinguished by splendor of form and opulence of decoration. Other traces of them are seen in the rugs, in the antique arms, and in the person of one of their descendants, a swarthy fellow, seated on a carved and metal-mounted chest, testing the temper of a sword-blade. His burnoose is wrapped about his head, and a pistol is displayed among the folds of it at his waist. Though he is in a lazy humor, the girl half hiding behind her sister seems to regard him as a dangerous creature. The old dealer, who has dried up and become dusty like his merchandise, is displaying his curios before a critical and well-to-do young couple, but seems to be in no violent haste to part with his treasures. Color is strong and plentiful in the rugs, furniture, armor, tapestries, and pottery, for Palmaroli, a Spaniard and born with a Southerner's feeling for color, never exercised restraint in his painting, except such as was necessary to keep a work harmonious and in tone. The expressions are well marked, not only those of the principals in the picture, but also those of the two young women and the solemn little dilettante upon the sofa. This is the most important specimen of Palmaroli's work in this country.



1. Planché
— 17

Joyous Days.

W. S. COLEMAN.

In matter, and somewhat in manner, this artist approaches the modern Italian school. Most of his subjects are taken from child-life in ancient Rome. He likes clear drawing and pronounced color, both of which are seen in this. The child driving a shuttlecock, the butterfly, and the flowers, speak of the subtropical climate and open-air life of Southern Italy.

Unmasked.

P. LINDER.

Refined voluptuousness is suggested by this rounded form and piquant face. It is an aquarelle, but the fleecy dress is painted in body-color, after the manner of using oil-pigments. The handling is free and dashing.



The Cavalier.

F. ROYBET.

As a study of drawing, of color, and of character, this work is exquisite, and suggests Meissonier more nearly than the work of any other French artist in this collection. The nobleman, posing so unconsciously, but with so grand and martial an air, is a breathing image. He is a man of gallant mien, of clear and steadfast eye, of mobile face, and is dressed in correct taste for a man of his time. He is clothed in white, which exhibits tints of lavender gray and faint pink in the shadows. If not a man of distinction, one would say that he deserved to be.



The Priestly Monitor.

LUCIUS ROSSI.

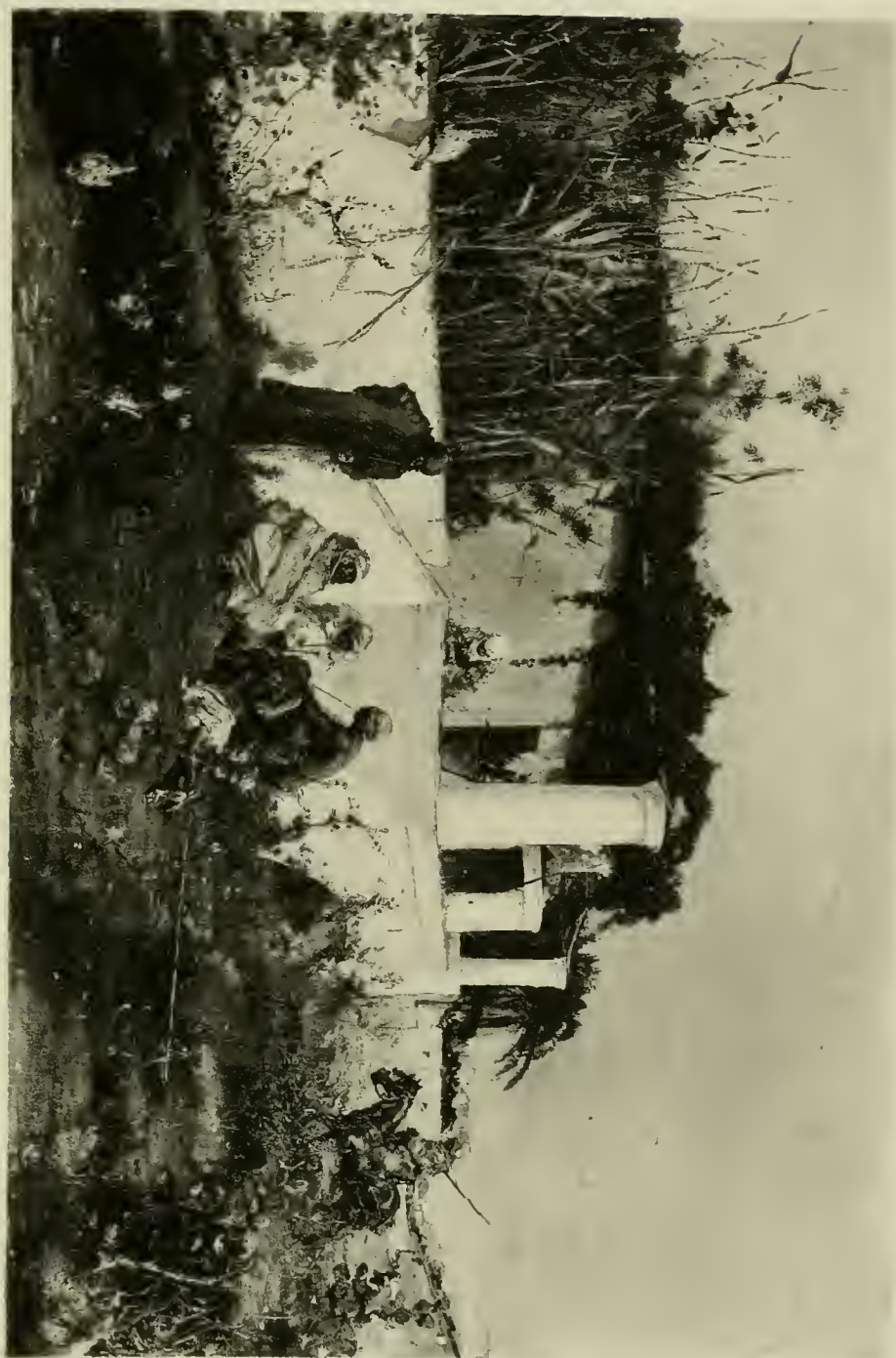
Whatever be the matter that this monk is expounding, he is singularly in earnest, and even fierce about it. The ladies to whom he is addressing himself do not seem to be deeply agitated by his remarks, but receive them with well-bred calmness, and there is even a touch of condescension and amusement in their attitude towards him, that perhaps spurs him into using all the greater force of language. If he is berating them on the subject of the vanities of the world, it is to be feared that his labors will result in little. The picture is florid and ornamental, and the softer reds and pinks occurring in it are of especial purity.



Wayside Discussion.

VILLEGAS.

The man who can paint with such mingled boldness and self-possession has in him the making of a soldier. Heat and light were never more powerfully represented than on this canvas, for the sun seems fairly to rain light upon the white walls and the blinding sand, and the air is charged with caloric. The greatest tact is necessary in painting a work like this, for if clear whites are used the effect is chalky and the sense of heat is lost, while if the highest notes of color are adulterated or neutralized to an appreciable degree the vividness is gone and the sense of light is lost. What seems to be white in this picture is not absolutely so, as may be proved by placing against it a piece of white paper. It is warmed with ochres until it seems to become white *plus* sunlight. The rank growth of vegetation, and the swarthy barbarians smoking, talking, and idling their time away about the steps that lead up the wall, bring out the lights in higher brilliancy. In the foreground, the merciless sun, smiting the unwatered soil, has burned off all the vegetation except a few spikes of bush and some hardy cacti. Mr. Bement calls this picture his *Fortuny*.



Marine View—Moonlight.

L. MEIXNER.

The smoothness of the sea, the vagueness of the distant foreland, the shadowy bulk of the brig and boat, are well delineated, and the cloud-painting is especially fine. The tufts of vapor drifting overhead are transfused with yellow radiance, and the edge of the sea is marked by a broad gleam of reflected light. The distant clouds seen through the faintly shining air throw down long pencils of shadow to the horizon. The work has the sentiment as well as the appearance of moonlight.



Falstaff and Doll Tear-sheet.

LÉON OLIVIE.

This scene represents an episode to be found in "King Henry IV." (Part II., Act 2, Scene 4). The salacious and liquor-loving old knight is entertaining Doll Tear-sheet, a lady of light character, and Dame Quickly, with an account of the misdoings and shortcomings of Prince Hal and his friend Poins, who, disguised as serving-men, glower at him from the door-way on the left. Pipers and fiddlers have been summoned for the old fellow's amusement, and sack is plentiful. Falstaff wears his buckram jerkin and his belt and spurs won by word-valor. His jolly red face, gorged with blood in which is a large infusion of sack, is in marked contrast with the white skin of the wheedling woman beside him. By the arrangement of light, attention is concentrated on the central group.



Paying the Scot.

HENRY BACON.

This young artist, who is without means to pay his reckoning, has dined well on the score of his artistic attainments, and complacently takes his post-prandial smoke as he dashes a fresh coat of color on the inn-keeper's old sign-board, which he repaints in payment for his dinner. No artist ever worked in the open air without attracting the floating population of the whole neighborhood: so here we have not only the tickled old landlord, but the solid man of the village, who is rolling a cigarette; the woman out marketing; the tavern kitchen-maid; the idler at the window, with his pipe and glass; the child daubing its fingers in the paint-box; the girls beside the well, who have come ostensibly to draw water, but whose giggling denotes that they have been impressed by the painter's jauntness; and the blacksmith's apprentice, deaf and dumb with curiosity, whose master shouts in vain for him at the door of his forge, across the way. The figures have force and flesbly entity, the color is fresh and clear, and the chiaro-oscuro is broad and effective. Henry Bacon is an American with a French method. He served with distinction in the Second Massachusetts Volunteers during the recent war, and, having been disabled from military service by his wounds, he crossed the sea to study painting, as a pupil of the Beaux-Arts, Cabanel, and Édouard Frere.



The Chess-Players.

J. CAROLUS.

Each face in this brightly-attired company wears a look of studious absorption, for each member of the party is deeply interested in the intricate game in progress. The room and its surroundings are marked by an appearance of quiet elegance and cultivated taste, while the costumes are rich and the ladies' robes have an easy flow of outline. The picture tells its own story so well that explanations are unnecessary.



Scene in Northern Italy.

A. LEU.

The spectator stands here upon the shore of one of those lovely sheets of water that nestle in the embrace of the Southern Alps, which poets have sung and travellers have rhapsodized about, but which artists have seldom ventured to paint, because their beauty seemed beyond their power to represent. In the foreground, peasants are cutting the shaggy grass for hay, while beyond rises a tumbled mass of mountains,—bold, picturesque crags springing steeply from the water, with spikes of wooded land jutting into the placid surface at their feet. The lake is as blue as sapphire, and clouds roll lazily up into a refulgent atmosphere.



Winter Scene.

KLOMBECK AND WILLEMS.

The air is full of the chill and frost-fog of winter, and denuded trees wave their skeleton arms against a leaden sky. The clouds, however, are just breaking overhead, and show some gleams of blue. Two horsemen are galloping over the frozen road, accompanied by their dog, and huntsmen and wagon-travellers are also introduced. Each of the artists here represented figures elsewhere in the gallery. Klombeck is the artist into whose landscape Verboeckhoven introduced a flock of sheep, and Willems is the painter of the group entitled "Good News."



The Roman Campagna.

JOSEPH ROPES.

The sere and desolate region of the Campagna is here shown, with the distant Apennines shrouding their summits in cloud, and ivy-hung ruins dotting the landscape. Gaunt cypresses rise in the foreground, and flocks of sheep and goats find scanty pasturage. In the middle distance are seen the remains of a Roman aqueduct, which seem to stalk across the plain like platoons of soldiery. The earth looks baked, and the sky is relentless in its heat. Ropes is a Philadelphia artist, and paints somewhat in the style of Cole.



Marine View—Sunrise.

JAMES HAMILTON.

Hamilton, who died in 1878, was a marine-painter of unusual power. He studied art in Philadelphia, painted his best-known pictures there, and is known to the general public through his illustrations to Dr. Kane's history of his Arctic explorations. He was especially fond of the gloomier aspects of the sea, and rejoiced in its strength and wildness. A bold headland is shown in this picture, upon which a wreck is grounded. Behind it rises a mountain of sublime height and awful form. The sea is breaking stormily against the beach, and its roaring seems to agitate the flock of gulls that have sprung from their nests among the rocks. The scene is almost oppressive in its loneliness, nor is it relieved by the glow that streaks the sky as the sun ascends.



Interior, with Marketing.

DAVID DE NOTER.

The Dutch painters revelled in subjects of this kind, which gave them an opportunity to show their skill in the actual imitation of objects. Every detail is wrought to the highest degree of perfection of which mere pigments are capable. Every line, every spot of light, every patch of shade, every petal of a flower, every roughness on an orange-skin, has been made the subject of exhaustive study. The arrangement and grouping, though manifestly artificial, are such as to bring a diversity of material into view. The room is spacious, and is pervaded by a cool, soft light.



Fruit-Piece.

R. S. DUNNING.

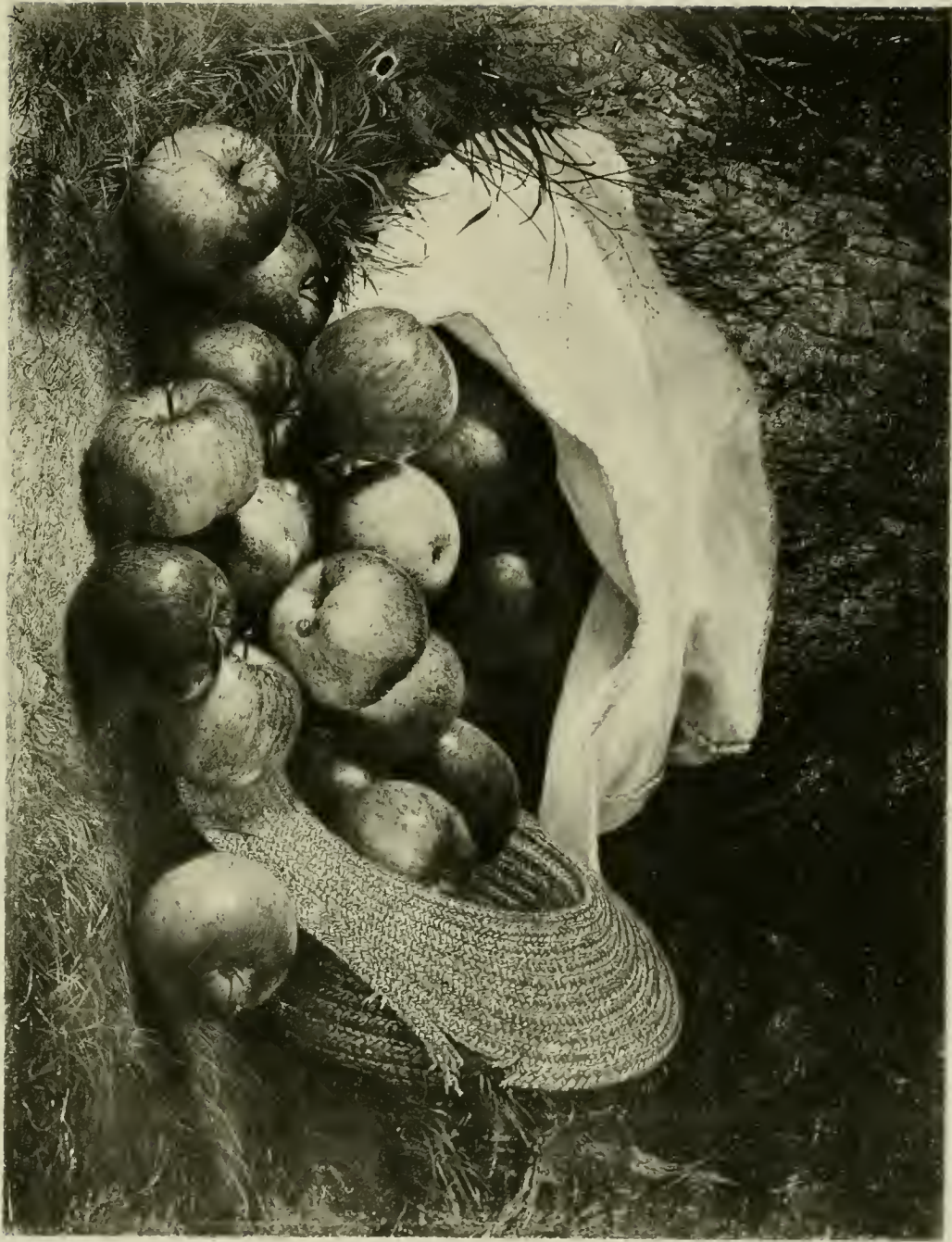
A rich and decorative canvas, with fruit arranged to produce the brilliancy of a flower-piece. It is not mere surface-painting, for the fruit has pulp, and juice, and texture: one's mouth waters as he looks at it. The Dutch and Flemish painters, though they painted less broadly, never painted more capably or with more sincere regard for general truth of form and color.



Apples and Straw Hat.

R. S. DUNNING.

A remarkable work of imitative art. These are real apples, as juicy and luscious as can be imagined. The artist has used color accurately but vigorously, with the result of producing a work of singular excellence. One needs to see the real coloring in the painting to appreciate its marvellous truthfulness.



Still Life.

MILNE RAMSEY.

A bright, bold, manly piece of work, painted with little artifice, but with much genuine knowledge. The arrangement is simple and unconventional, and there is an admirable rendering of textures. The smooth glass and china, the nuts and fruit, the plush cloth, each seem to be painted with a different touch and to exhibit a different phase of the artist's technical versatility. Ramsey is a native of Philadelphia, and a pupil of Bonnat.



Lake George.

H. HERZOG.

The wild woods, rocky heights, and unkempt fields are shadowing in the gloom of an impending storm. The heavens are darkening, but a gleam of light pierces the clouds and falls across the foreground, where a pleasure-party is speeding up the road in a carriage. The view is from near Caldwell, at the head of the lake, or southern end, the point whence the traveller first sees this exquisite sheet of water. The mountain landscape from this outlook is superb. The Fort William Henry Hotel is seen on the left, and one of the little steamers that ply on the lake is seen beyond it.



Watering the Wine.

P. VIGNERON.

One of the tricks of the trade is here exposed, the artist having caught the portly wine-merchant in the act of increasing his stock without the trouble of buying it. "Remember, my boy," said the dying wine-merchant to his son, "that wine may be made from anything, even grapes." This gentleman is apparently one who endorses this statement, for he believes that it can be made from water. He is sampling the mixture in a business-like way, and the assistant, who holds the bucket, casts a sly glance at him as he pauses in the execution of this miracle of turning water into wine.



Atlantic City Inlet.

H. HERZOG.

The wind is stripping the yeasty waves of their flying scud, and all the coldness and wetness and dismalness of the storm is here apparent. Fishing-boats are flying in for shelter before the gale, and the man on the broken pier stands ready to cast them a line. The sky is dark, and the waves are full of action.



Head of the Saco River.

H. HERZOG.

Those who have journeyed among the White Mountains recognize this scene almost at a glance, and would do so from the phototype were it not that it has omitted one of the salient features of the landscape. The little lake is the one near the head of White Mountain Notch, wherein the Saco takes its rise. The river flows through the craggy portals seen beyond it, and winds about the foot of Mount Webster, whose huge bulk constitutes what is known from this position as Elephant's Head. This mountain is hardly visible in the phototype, though in the picture it looms through sheeted rays of sunlight and lords it over the landscape. The scene in nature is one of solitude and sublimity, which augment as the tourist proceeds down the Notch, until the full grandeur of that deep cañon is visible before him.



Sunset on the Tuolumne, California.

ALBERT BIERSTADT.

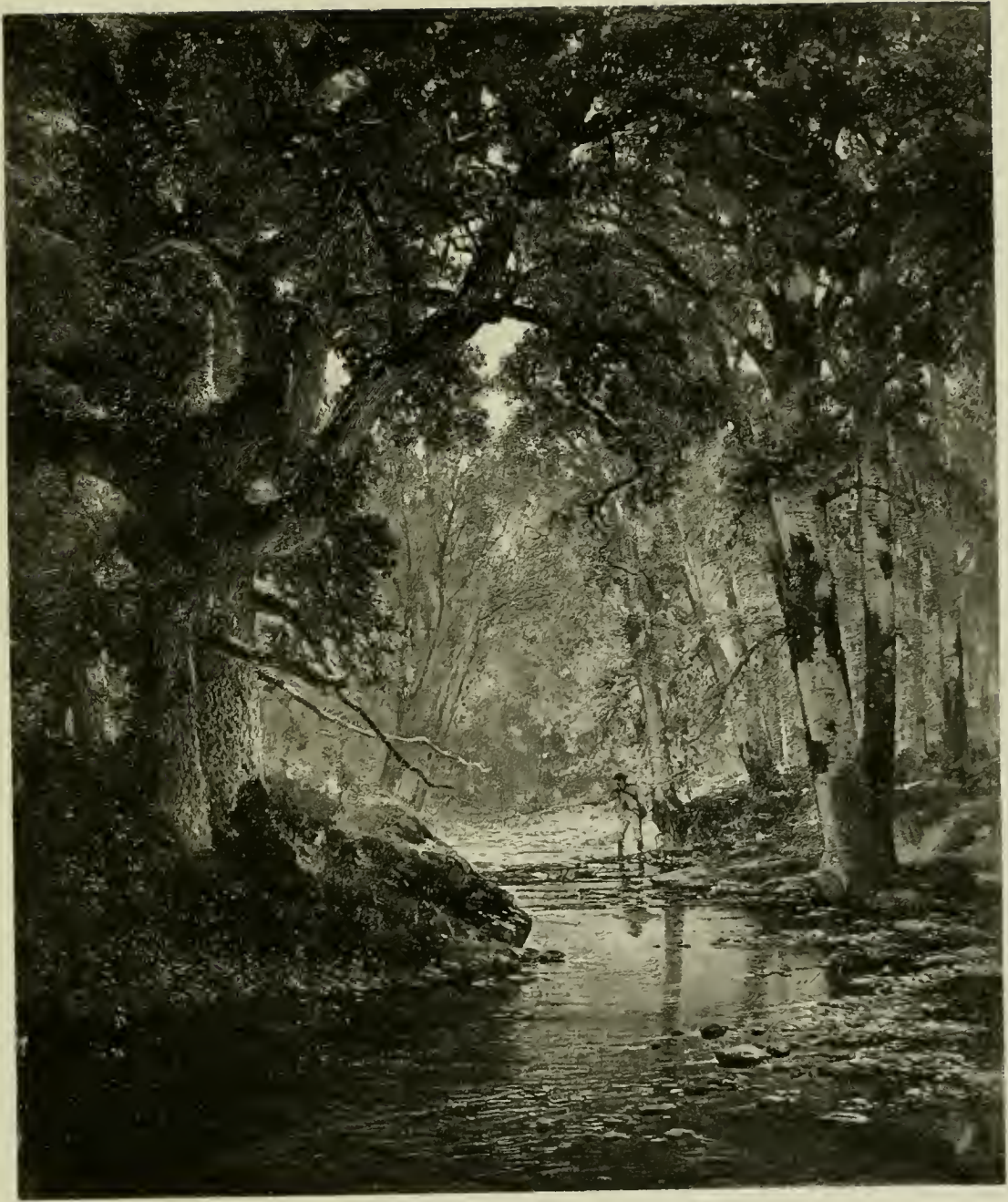
The moist air of evening is charged with a hot, yellow glare of sunset, falling over the marshy meadows and edging the trunks of the big trees with lines of light. Deer are grazing on the rich grass of the bottom-lands. The picture is more subdued in tone than most of this artist's works, and the feeling of moisture is well maintained. Bierstadt is the famous painter of Western scenery, whose "Rocky Mountains," "Yosemite Valley," "Estes Park," and "Mount Hood" are widely known and have sold for enormous prices. His painting is that of the Düsseldorf school, and has both its merits and its defects of brilliancy and sensationalism.



Pond Brook, New Hampshire.

THOMAS HILL.

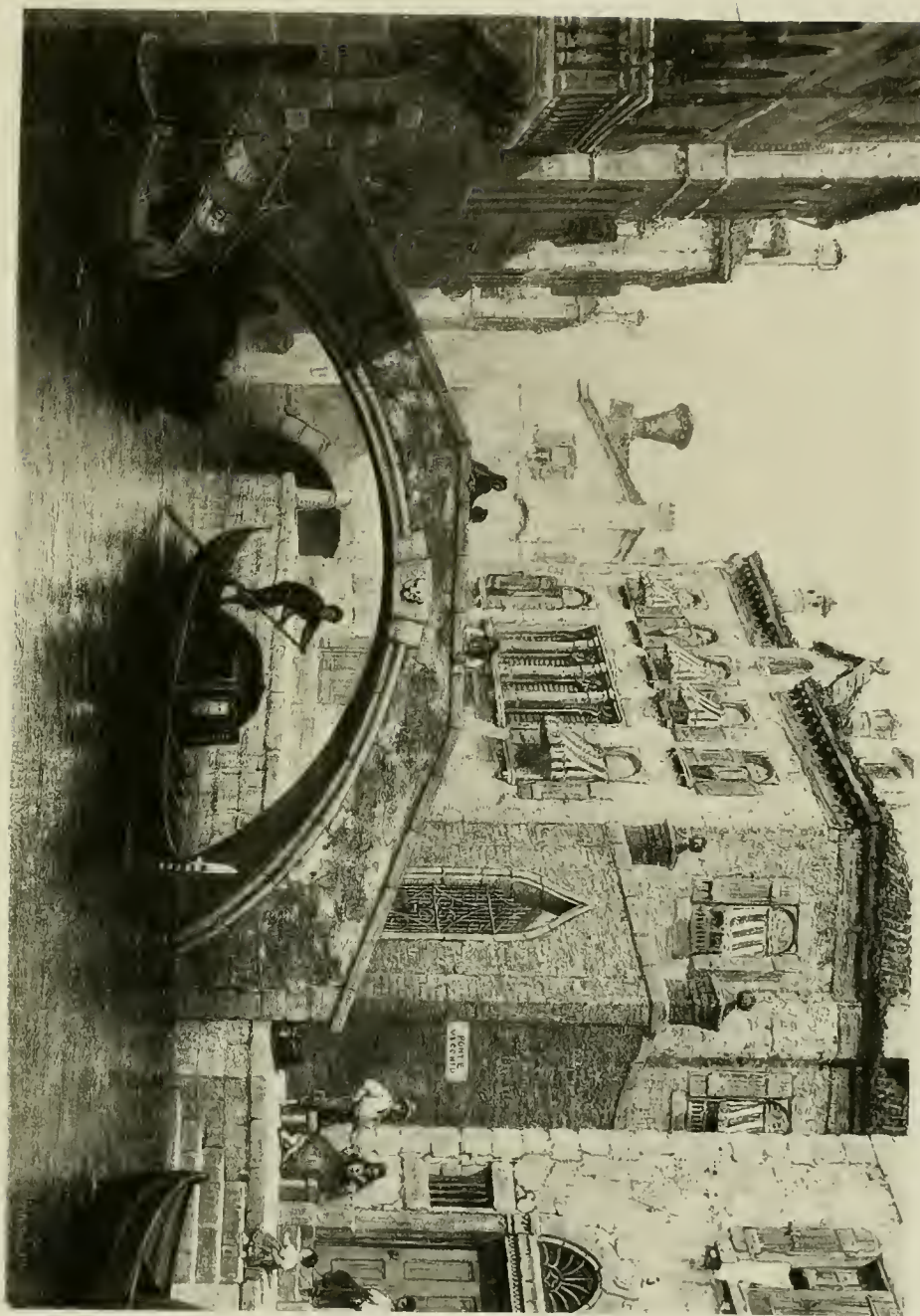
Hill's reputation as a painter has been chiefly made by his pictures of California scenery, but he also has an eye for quieter effects of landscape than those commonly found in the Sierras. Among these smaller and more peaceful studies are several scenes in the White Mountain region, of which this picture is illustrative. Tender light showers through the summer foliage, and the brook, reflecting both sky and leaves, has the blue and green of sapphire and beryl. The stream marks out its course in a long, leafy aisle, edged with gnarled oaks and lofty maples whose trunks are mossed with age, and floored with rounded pebbles that shine clearly through the water. The fisherman who whips the stream is the only occupant of this glen, and represents Mr. Hill in his favorite sport.



Ponte Vecchio, Venice.

A. F. BUNNER.

Bunner, an American with a Munich art education, is keenly alive to the pictorial aspects of that wonderfully picturesque city, Venice, and his success in painting its life, its shipping, and its architecture has been such as virtually to limit his work to Venetian subjects and to compel him to take up his residence among them. In this picture we note the full, strong color, the warm tinting of the sunlight, the quaintness and beauty of the architecture, and the stillness of the water—hardly rippled by the passage of a gondola. This street of water is spanned by a light but firmly-built old bridge, about which lazzaroni love to idle away the summer afternoons. Its free, curving sweep relieves the angular lines of the other structures.



Fisherman's Home.

HENRY FARRER.

"The twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free."

LONGFELLOW.

The warm light is fading out of the sky, and the ocean is darkening beneath the coming night. As the twilight fades, a candle-gleam in the window of the fisherman's hut grows brighter, and is the only offset to a scene otherwise cold and dreary. The smoke curling from the chimney, the tree that stands before the house, the scant grass, and the cordage of a fishing-smack blow and swing and bend before the increasing gale. The feeling of clear air, of night wind, and of ocean loneliness is poetically expressed.



View in the Adirondacks—Autumn.

WILLIAM T. RICHARDS.

The October panoply of russet and crimson invests the woods, and the air is filled with a light, soft haze like that of Indian summer. American forests in autumn are not to be approached audaciously by the painter, for there is danger of overdoing and making the picture garish. Paint as a color-medium is representative rather than intrinsic, and its brighter tints, lacking actual light, become, when too freely used, gaudy and objectionable. The white morning light wherewith this picture is tempered takes some of the smartness out of this color, and we have its effect without its obtrusiveness. The long, slow ascent of forest-covered slopes is almost as grand as the sharp upspring of the peaks, for the eye, led onward by them, carries the imagination to heights loftier than the mountains could attain. The view is happily chosen, and the still lake adds beauty to wood and mountain.



The Song.

EDWARD H. MAY.

This figure is painted with a force and solidity worthy of a Bonnat or a Duran. Thoroughly artistic workmanship is seen in its simple, broad technique, its refined and lovely color, its almost statuesque pose, and its expression. A slight, well-bred *hauteur* becomes the face, though the meaning called for in the song has given it a genial and animated expression. A difficult subject well handled.



Into the Sea.

ALBERT F. BELLWS.

This is one of the last and largest exhibition pictures that Bellows painted before succumbing to a disorder that he had long and vainly striven against. He was an artist of delicacy and feeling, and expressed himself well in both landscape- and figure-painting. In coloring he was not deep, but was always pleasing. This canvas represents a girl about to plunge her sister, a chubby little child, into the surf. As they near the brawling waters, the child clinches her hand and shows dread of the chill contact. Fineness of flossy hair and healthful clearness of complexion are seen in both.



Tangiers.

H. BOLTON JONES.

In his capacity to paint bright sunlight and to represent tangled foliage, Bolton Jones stands almost pre-eminent among Americans. He takes a healthful delight in overcoming the technical difficulties of a complicated subject. The clay walls of Tangiers, a city on a hill not destined to be hidden, gleam white, and the arid sand, barren of native growth except the bristling cactus and sharp-leaved aloe, reflects the brightness of tropical sunlight. A heavy growth of foliage produced by irrigation fills the valley, and the rich blue of the Mediterranean appears through a gap between the wood and the city-crowned hill.



H. B. Jones
1850

“John Anderson my Jo.”

J. G. BROWN.

People of the next century will find in Mr. Brown's pictures interesting and valuable reminiscences of the people, the customs, and the costumes of our land and period. He is a realist, a close student of the model, and, it is said, employs more living subjects than any other artist on the two continents. He is a pronounced foe of impressionism and looseness of manner, and contends that the interest of a picture should lie in the subject as largely as in the way of painting it. His exactitude occasionally leads to a sacrifice of sentiment, but in the portrayal of character, as one sees it here, he is worthy to rank with the most famous of contemporary artists. This picture of John Anderson and his good wife is such a one as he takes particular delight in painting.



Homeward Bound.

EDWARD MORAN.

Edward Moran, a member of a family that seems to be composed almost entirely of artists, here unites his specialties of marine- and figure-painting. His figures are somewhat reminiscent of Perrault and Breton, and commonly illustrate the lives of fisher-families on the French coast. The young woman and the lad in this picture are returning from the sea with nets and baskets, and their naturally dark complexions show by the fresh crimson of their cheeks the effect of work in wind and sun. The air is charged with silvery light.



Conanicut Island.

WILLIAM T. RICHARDS.

The bold rock-forms which Richards so much enjoys are cracked and seamed and weather-beaten, and the beach is browned with weed. Gulls wheel about in the offing. The sea is cold and stormy, though the waves are not running high, and gleams light it from overhead. The picture is quietly painted, with much truth of detail. Though a water-color, it has the strength and depth of an oil-painting.



The Three Princesses in the Alhambra.

E. L. WEEKS.

Weeks, like Bridgeman, is a pupil of Gérôme, and, like him also, paints few except Oriental subjects. The influence of Gérôme is easily seen in this picture. The interior gives an idea of the splendor of the Alhambra in the days of the Moorish occupancy of Spain. The minute carvings and arabesques, the green and gray tessellations in the pavement, the lavish color on the walls, the bright rugs, costumes, and metal work, illustrate the fertility of the Oriental fancy. Thanks to the bigot monks of Isabella's time, this building is now an artistic wreck, for those belligerent reformers ripped up and tore down and painted out and cut away much of the heathen sculpture and decoration that had made this historic structure one of the wonders of the world. The three princesses here represented were the daughters of Mohammed the Left-Handed,—Zayda, Zorayda, and Zorahayda,—whose story is told in Irving's "Alhambra." The first two eloped with Christian lovers, through fear of whom their father had confined them in this tower; but Zorahayda, delaying her flight through indecision, ended her days unhappily, and was buried in a vault beneath what was virtually her prison.



Hide and Seek.

GUSTAVE DE JONGHE.

This little scene has been enacted in almost every home in the world, but is always pretty and “cunning.” The roguish little child, dragging a dilapidated figure of Mr. Punch at his heels, anticipates discovery, and is restraining a merry chuckle until the mother, bending from the dignity of young maternity, peeps at him from behind the screen. The picture is low in tone, but the painting is firm, especially in the flesh tints. De Jonghe was left an orphan while an infant, but he showed artistic ability at so early an age that the corporation of Courtrai, Belgium (his native place), pensioned him that he might pursue his studies.



The Sagamore.

This spacious, picturesque building stands on Green Island, Lake George, ten miles down the lake from Caldwell. It was built with Mr. Bement's assistance, and he retains part ownership of it. The spot chosen for the hotel is one of the loveliest in that lovely region, for the shores are wild and mountainous, and the silvery water is dotted with charming little islands, of which the lake is reputed to hold as many as there are days in the year. Green Island, the site of this caravansary, is seventy acres in extent. In the photograph the ground is rough and unimproved; but a complete change has been wrought in the surface of the island since this picture was taken. Landscape-gardeners have covered it with flowers and lawns and walks and graceful groups of trees and shrubbery, and a bridge connects it with the mainland. The house is, without question, the finest on Lake George. It has every modern improvement, is handsomely finished and furnished, is supplied with pure and abundant water from mountain-springs two miles distant,—the pressure being ample to protect the building from fire,—and has electric lights, elevators, livery-stables, bowling-alleys, billiard-saloons, and a large number of row-boats and steam-yachts. It already accommodates three hundred people, and when its belt of cottages has been stretched along the shore its proprietors will be able to furnish board and accommodation for five hundred visitors.



The Industrial Works.

This plate shows the great Industrial Works of William B. Bement & Son, but only in part, for the foundry, smith-shop, carpenter-shop, one of the machine- and pattern-shops, and other detached buildings are necessarily excluded from sight from this point of view. The long façade on Callowhill Street is seen, however, and gives a good idea of the spaciousness and solidity of the structure. It is soon to be extended so as to cover the whole square. Mr. Bement is senior partner and principal owner of the works.



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